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The American Girl

FEBRUARY

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

1939

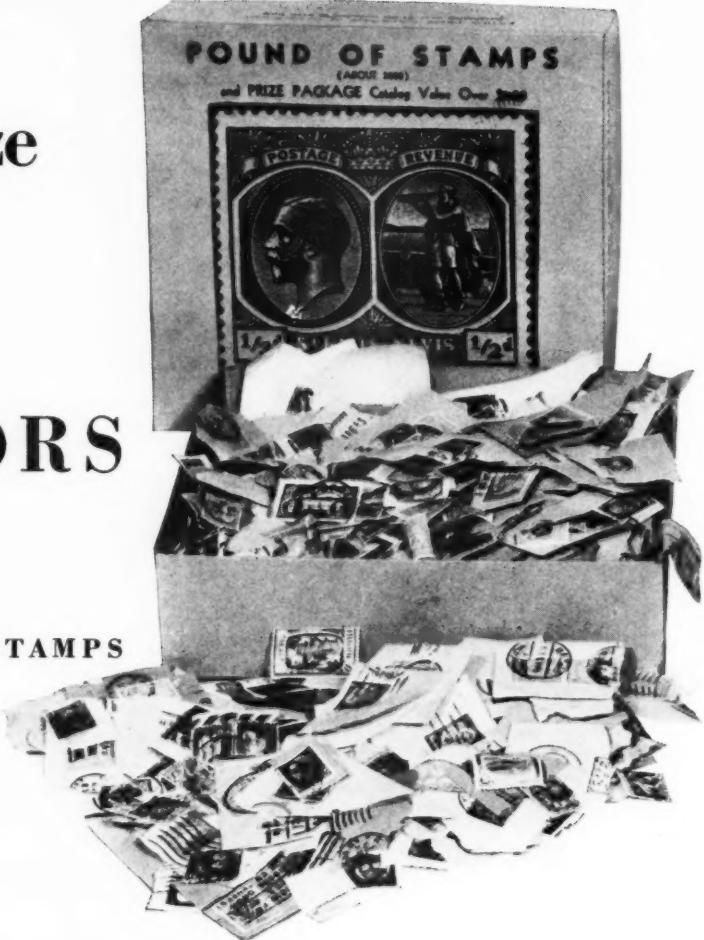


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THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

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ANNE STODDARD, *Editor*
ELIZABETH HONNESS, *Managing Editor*
JULIA FAY, *Assistant to the Editor*

THE AMERICAN GIRL

ERIC SHUMWAY, *Circulation Manager*
MARGARET MORAN, *Adv. Representative*

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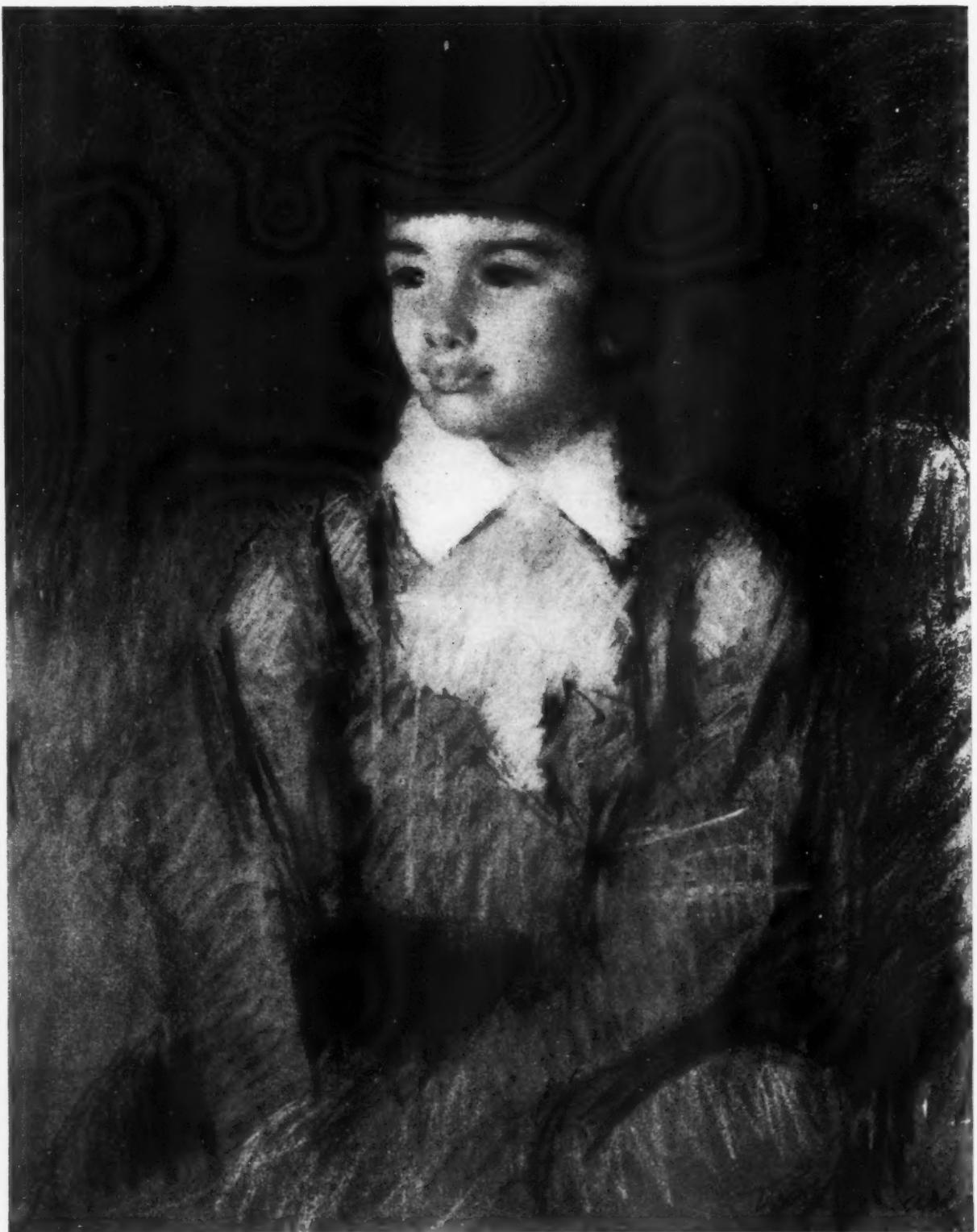
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See page 50 for biographical note about artist.

Courtesy of Addison Gallery, Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.

AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES

XIII - YVONNE *from a pastel by Mary Cassatt*

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD · EDITOR

FEBRUARY · 1939

INTERNATIONAL NUMBER

MATTERHORN MEADOWS

Geneva, July thirteenth

IT'S a lazy golden morning, and I'm on a wide stone balcony outside our pension room, with the fragrance of the linden trees blowing past. The lake is a vivid blue, the flower boxes on the telephone poles and along the water are lemon yellow, rose, and lilac. It is very charming here.

We are on our way to Zermatt where Lee is to get sketches for a Swiss bird group, for the American Museum of Natural History in New York.

Zermatt is just below the Matterhorn, which is to be in the background of the group. The museum already has the birds to mount; Lee is to make sketches for a painted background, collect trees and bushes for foreground material, and paint the flowers and leaves which will later be reproduced in wax for the group.

This is a surprise trip. Lee was hardly back from the South Seas when it was decided that he should run over and get this group in Switzerland. We started off in a fortnight. Betty and Helen were even more impromptu. When I suggested that they go with us, they made all arrangements in four days! We still feel astonished at ourselves.

Evening

What a place we've found!

We started off from Geneva at noon, and traveled to the east tip of the lake. Then our train took us to Visp, up a wide valley.

It was a flooded valley—there have been many rains—and the great lines of poplars threw shimmering green reflections across the wide sheets of water. Little old stone towns were



THE RIVER WAS A PALE GRAY RIBBON

The majestic beauty of snow-capped mountains, the colors and perfumes of myriad tiny Alpine flowers, and the tempting dishes of a master chef described with inimitable charm

By

FLORENCE PAGE

• JAQUES •

scattered here and there. We saw tiny castles at Sion—which we hope we can stop and visit coming back. Then we began to approach mountains.

From Visp, which was like its name, we took a smaller train up a mountainous chasm, and our pleasant valley views changed to wild crags and cliffs. An ice-green river ran by dark pines, villages were tucked in among the forests, tiny churches stood high on the steep hills.

A cunning little eighty-year-old lady in our compartment was as excited as we, and her cheeks grew pink as she dashed with us from corridor windows to compartment ones, and back again. Storm clouds tore across the blue green sky and bits of snowstorms added to the wildness. We began to see great white summits ahead of us. Then we came to Zermatt.

We arrived just before sunset. Zermatt itself was faintly shadowed, but, all around, the great mountains were golden in the sun. We found that we took a third train here—two odd little cars that traveled up a frighteningly steep grade. The trains seemed to get smaller and smaller as we went higher and higher.

But we couldn't waste time thinking of trains and tracks. As soon as we started we had our first sight of the Matterhorn itself, in the south—a great, sharp, snowy triangle, thrusting high into the sky. It was by far the most exciting peak I had ever seen.

Soon we could see Zermatt straight down below us. Past a foaming river and a waterfall we climbed, through steep forests blue with harebells. Far off above the frosty Alps, pink in the sunset, floated frail gold clouds.



IN THE PANELS OF FRANCIS LEE JAQUES'S PAINTING FOR THE SWISS BIRD GROUP, NOW IN THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK, THE MATTERHORN THRUSTS ITS SNOWY HEAD LIKE A GIGANTIC SEA LION INTO THE SKY

Up at timber line we alighted at a tiny station. Here a small scarlet street car awaited us, a ridiculous toy, run by a most dignified porter. We tried to seem serious minded as we got aboard, but he was so extremely tall and impressive in his frock coat and conductor's cap, and the little street car was such a contrast to him!

It buzzed off with us, like a bee, around a curve of the slope. Through a flower-filled wood, we came to our destination.

We are already delighted with the inn. Pines are behind it; in front the hillside drops steeply to the valley, while the great Matterhorn faces us, rearing up into the sky like a gigantic sea lion.

Our rooms are high up. Betty and Helen have a corner room, and ours has a balcony which faces a long snow-covered range. Far, far below us is Zermatt, which seemed so high as we came up from Visp. We look at it as if we were in an airplane above it.

After a delicious dinner we had coffee in the salon, with music from a tiny orchestra. The salon is funny in its old-fashioned magnificence, with red-figured wall paper and red carpet and elaborately draped lace curtains. The chandeliers are heavy with outrageous brass flowers, and fat little red plush sofas sit comfortably around the walls.

Now I've just been on the balcony to catch my first glimpse of moonlight on the Alps. I know I won't sleep a wink tonight. I am so anxious to see what this place is like!

July fourteenth

And then I overslept! And Lee did the first exploring by himself while I was still fast asleep.

I woke to sun on dazzling peaks. Some one was tapping on my door, and when I called out, in came my hot water in a tall can, propelled by a tiny maid. There is no running water in these rooms.

Lee appeared and we had breakfast in our room, by the open window, a French breakfast of *croissants*, cherry compote, and *café au lait*. We woke the girls, and after they had dashed down to breakfast in the dining room, we started out to see our territories.

How glad I am we came up here! We only need to step outside the inn to be in the midst of the most magnificent mountains. If we had stayed in Zermatt we would have had to go through the village and its outskirts, through hay-fields and meadows, before we could have reached the wilder country. But here we have it every minute.

We took a path which curved like a huge crescent around the steep hillside. We are just above timberline here; pines stand below us, but only a few scattered ones live at our level. Cows sauntered up the hill, their bells tinkling lazily. The church bells came to us from the valley.

The flowers here! I have never had enough flowers before. But these miles should satisfy my craving. The mountain sides are covered close with a confetti of tiny blossoms. Bees with rosy wings hover everywhere. They are like flowers themselves, with outboard motors. In our rapture we reeled from one side of the path to the other.

"Look at those banks of forget-me-nots!"

"And the midget buttercups! Oh, and violets!"

"And the scallops of harebells all along the rocks!"

"Did you know gentians could be so small and starry?"

"The azalea things must be Alpine roses!"

*Photographs of paintings by Francis Lee Jaques
by courtesy of American Museum of Natural History*

great Matterhorn, in front of us, stabbed up into the blue.

Along the hill our path slowly mounted till, after skirting several outcrops, we came to a high plateau of flat boulders. Here we stopped to rest by a ledge blue with harebells.

With a warm sun and crisp wind, the air was delicious. The Alps circled around us, a jagged valley had a glacier creeping down it. The snowy Matterhorn soared higher than ever. On the lower slopes we could see minute houses and hay barns, and the river was a narrow pale-gray ribbon. Have I said that, wherever we are, we can always hear the sound of rushing water?

Baby flowers stood everywhere among the great boulders. Such dots of rose and gold and blue, standing up to face mountains!

While Lee ranged the slope below, deciding on the site from which to design his background, Betty and Helen and I wandered on the hilltop. We discovered anemones and bell flowers, and forget-me-nots which thoughtfully had small blue butterflies to match their petals. But we loved especially the tiny delicate primroses of mauve pink.

At last Lee whistled, and we scrambled down to inspect his choice. He has decided on a place on the western slope, by a huge and ancient pine, with great rocks and a small blue pool in the foreground. The Matterhorn will be in the center distance, and the valley drops to the right, with a line of mountains beyond. It is a glorious place to copy!

The morning simply flashed; we couldn't believe it when it was time for lunch. And now we are more than ever thankful that we chose this inn, for they have a French chef who is a master. To-day we had ices shaped like apricots, in a basket heaped with green leaves, decorative and delicious.

The afternoon was cold and gray, so the girls and I wrote letters. But by evening it was clear again, and we walked around the crest of the hill back of the inn. This



A CONFERENCE IN A GRASSY HOLLOW



THE TOY STREET CAR AWAITED US



THE HILLS SLOPED DOWN TO THE INN

Only Lee went steadily along. Flowers don't excite him specially; he calls them all "forsythia" and lets it go at that. "Are these Alpine meadows?" I asked him.

"I think a meadow ought to be less like a roof," he said. We looked almost straight down, just there, at masses of Alpine roses. Far and misty, beyond those rosy slopes, the valley lay, with its river and little town faintly visible. The

forest path was most serenely beautiful. Rosy clouds drifted by, the Matterhorn was faintest pink and lavender, we heard the cuckoos calling in the wood, and the cowbells tinkling homeward. The nutcrackers were everywhere, flying past us and sitting in the tops of pines. They are ridiculous clowns; they remind me of the moose birds in the deep woods at home.

(Continued on page 36)

THE two wooden buckets were so large and so splashing full of water that Laurette, carrying them, seemed to swing back and forth between them like the slim little spire of a balancing scales. For she was small, even for twelve years; very worthless when it came to the work, as her master, the innkeeper of the Three Cherries at Annonay village, often told her.

Carrying water was not her favorite task. "One staggers back and forth, this way and that; and if one stumbles, even

FIRST FLIGHT

By MIRIAM E. MASON

Illustrated by ORSON LOWELL



a little, one spills the water—isn't it so, my little cabbage?" she addressed her pet lambkin who trotted along at her side. But the lambkin only kicked up gayly and gave her a soulful look out of his big brown eyes. Whatever his Laurette might be doing, he loved her with all the fervor of his lambkin soul, recognizing her as the source of food, water, petting, warmth, and protection.

The spring was a good way from the inn and the way there led downhill, so it was always a climb to return with the buckets. Laurette was almost out of breath by the time she was halfway to the kitchen. Uncle Jean—who was not really her uncle but only a distant cousin—had told her to hurry. She didn't think it wise to pause for breath and to rest her back.

Suddenly Petit Chou pushed himself against her with a nudge that sent cold water splashing down her bare leg and into her wooden shoe. She would have scolded him, but his pathetic little "moo" of terror made her look about to see what was the trouble.

"There, my little one, there, what is it?" Then she saw what had terrified the lamb. In the blue sky above them, below the cotton-fluff of the clouds, hung a young eagle.

He hung low—so low that Laurette could see the curving, wicked claws, the curving, haughty beak, the quills of his great wing feathers.

She set her buckets down, then, and gathered the trembling lambkin into her arms. Well, indeed, might Petit Chou tremble at the sight of an eagle. The narrowest escape from the claws and beak of such a one had been his only two months before. Even yet his simple sheep mind recalled the anguish he had suffered from fierce claws that had dug into his woolly back; that had raised him, bleating pitifully, into the air. The sight of the eagle, outspread of wing, hooked of claw and beak, still brought back that panic.

Laurette remembered that time, too. She had rushed forward with the reckless fury of a mother tiger. She had fought the eagle with hands and feet, with club and stone. She had torn the trembling lambkin from him, leaving a long string of pink-stained wool fluttering like a banner in his beak. Finally, screaming with anger and disappointment, the eagle had winged away.

And then, strangely, Laurette, watching his sure pinions climb the sky, had forgotten Petit Chou, whimpering and blood-stained in her arms. Her heart had lifted and soared beside her defeated enemy. A keen thrill had stirred her as she watched the eagle's effortless flight. To fly like that! To leave the earth, to soar into the lovely air, into the blue heavens with their white ruffled clouds. *Mon Dieu*, she wondered reverently, did that great bird realize how blessed he was by the good God?

So, even now, as the haughty prince of the air flew slowly toward the heights, Laurette forgot her surroundings. Her heart lifted with the eagle's wings and sailed beside him. She was no longer merely Laurette, little orphaned nobody who worked for her living at the inn of her kinsman. When she looked at the eagle in his flight, she *was* the eagle; flying high, scorning the earth, riding the wind.

The bird disappeared into the clouds, and only then did Laurette realize that she was standing in a puddle caused by

Because Laurette, an orphaned French girl, envied the eagle his wings, the Montgolfier brothers, inventors of the balloon, admitted her to their secret



LAURETTE CARRIED HER LAMBKIN, PETIT CHOU, IN HER ARMS SO THAT HE WOULD NOT BE HURT BY THE CROWD THAT HAD COME TO SEE THE GIANT BALLOON TRY TO FLY

the upsetting of the water buckets which she had carelessly placed atilt on the fallen trunk of an old tree.

Uncle Jean scolded her sharply when she returned, belated, with her second load of water.

"So slow you are, so slow!" he mourned. "My hair grows

white with the worry of waiting for you. More likely than not the Montgolfier brothers will have decided they do not want the meat pie they ordered me to send so long ago!"

Laurette took the pie in a basket on her arm, and went briskly up the village road toward the paper shop of the Montgolfier brothers. She did not fear any complaints from them; they were kind gentlemen who always had a cheerful remark for her when she carried them food which they had ordered from the inn.

"Even if they were angry, they would doubtless forgive me when I explained the cause of my delay," she thought.

The Montgolfier brothers liked to look at the sky themselves. Many a time she had seen them out behind their paper factory, gazing up at the heavens when there was not even an eagle to be seen; merely gazing at the clouds

which floated like wool puffs in the high air.

She knocked for a long time at the doorway of the paper merchants' house, and was just beginning to fear that her uncle's prediction might be true, when the door was opened and Joseph Montgolfier peered out. The expression on his face was one of irritation, but it softened when he saw Laurette.

"Come in," he bade her. "Stephen and I were busy—so busy that we scarce heard your knock at the door, nor wished to heed it!"

Laurette handed over the pie and received the coins in payment.

Suddenly the plump merchant turned to her with a secret, expectant smile on his face. "Would you see something interesting?" he half whispered. "I do not think Stephen would mind—you are such a sensible, thoughtful little maid and so interested in the wonders of the heavens, too."

He took the amazed girl by the hand, then, and led her to a back room in the shop, now full of smoke. Laurette choked and coughed a little. She was astonished to see the merchant, Stephen Montgolfier, kneeling beside a fire which was built in a brazier in the center of the room. Why should he build his fire there, when there was a good fireplace at one end of the room?

"It is the little maid from Three Cherries," explained Joseph to his brother. "She has just come over with our potpie, and I thought there would be no harm—"

"Certainly not," answered Stephen. "She is a quiet child; she will not go about Annonay bleating of what she has seen—will you, Laurette?" Then he showed her a small, stoutly constructed paper bag. "You remember the day you found us looking at the clouds? We were wondering how those clouds, which are only vapor, could hang in the air."

"We thought that, if a cloud filled with vapor could hang and float in the air, perhaps a bag filled with vapor might also rise and hang in the air," added his brother.

Laurette felt her heart beat faster as the merchant took the bag and held it over the smoking fire in the brazier.

"Now watch, watch!" he whispered. The bag began to plump out, became fatter and fatter. As it grew plump, it rose very slowly. It kept rising until it reached the ceiling where it hung for a moment, exactly as the clouds hang in the sky.

Stephen turned to his rapt audience, and there were tears of excitement in his eyes. "You have seen the beginning of a great experiment," he murmured. "We shall not stop, my brother and I, until we have experimented with bags large enough to rise high into the heavens and, what is more, to draw a load after them!"

Joseph patted Laurette's curls. "Now run on, *ma petite*," he smiled, "lest that peppery uncle of yours give you a scolding. Keep what you have seen locked up in your heart, but do not forget this morning. The time will come when you will remember the brothers Montgolfier, and the year 1783, as milestones in the world's progress!"

Faithful to her trust, Laurette did not reveal what she had seen in the shop of the paper merchants. However, as time went by, gossip began to be heard at the inn of the Three Cherries. Somebody had seen the paper merchants out in their meadow, experimenting with a bonfire and an enormous paper balloon.

"It was a noble sight, I admit," said the man. "The great balloon was tied to the earth with strings, but so strongly did it pull as it rose, that it broke the strings and sailed grandly into the air like an eagle."

"Like an eagle?" Laurette echoed, her eyes wide. "How high, then, do you suppose the balloon ascended, Monsieur?"

The good-natured guest took a long swallow of wine. "I should say it rose as high as seven hundred feet," he estimated.

"If I could have seen it!" sighed Laurette, clasping her hands together.

Her uncle laughed. "And next thing, I suppose," he surmised, "you would have been wishing to ascend the air yourself. Yes, it would be suitable enough for you, such a feather-brain as you are—such a cloud-gazer!"

As time went on the brothers continued their experiments. Now, every day found them doing something to advance their hobby which was no longer a secret around Annonay village. They were building bigger and bigger balloons; no longer mere paper sacks, but cloth lined bags whose necks were held open with light wicker framework.

"It is a wonderful thing! We stand on the edge of a new world. Soon we will be able to sail the skies and explore for new heavenly bodies, just as our ancestors sailed the seas, exploring for new lands," said the optimists, the pioneer-minded.

But the pessimists shook their heads. "Only a crackbrain would expect a bag filled with smoke to float in the sky," they said, and prophesied dire misfortune for the paper merchants.

"What a pity they have become touched in their heads! They had a fine paper business, those Montgolfier brothers. How their poor papa would squirm in his grave to see it being neglected for such craziness."

The paper business, however, did not suffer. The Montgolfier brothers were good business men and good paper manufacturers, even if they did have ideas ahead of their time. They built a fine, linen-lined balloon, thirty-five feet in diameter, with a wicker framework at the neck and bright decorations on the outside of it, and placed it, ready to sail, in the meadow behind their house. And that day the meadow was packed with villagers as thick as daisies, waiting to see the giant balloon try to fly.

Laurette was there that day, and Petit Chou was with her. He had trotted behind her as she ran toward the meadow, and, to keep him from being trampled by the ever-increasing crowd, she had gathered him into her arms. Many people looked at her in amusement as she made her way through the onlookers; with the woolly lambkin across her thin child-shoulder, she was absurdly like the mothers who, with real babies, made up a good part of the crowd.

The brothers themselves were grave and intent as they built the fire in the pit under the balloon. If the big bag behaved properly to-day and ascended according to expectations, Stephen and Joseph intended to have a public exhibition of their great discovery. All the notables and officers in Auvergne would be invited to the market place in Annonay where the exhibition would be held—if the exhibition were held. And if it were a success—well, after that

nobody could tell what might happen!

Now the audience, watching the experiment in the daisy meadow, were divided between skepticism and wonder, with the former prevailing.

"It won't work—it can't go up!" "Such an enormous bag! Why, it's as big as a house!" "Only a crackpot would expect a great thing like that to rise!"

"But look! It is filling out, it's getting bigger and bigger!" "It's bigger than a house! It's as big as the moon!" "Look, look! It is rising! It is!"

A swelling cry burst forth as the monster balloon grew larger and larger, rose higher and higher, tugging at its ropes.

Laurette stood on tiptoe to watch it. She hugged Petit Chou to her. He was frightened by the noise of the crowd, by the smell of the fire, and by that huge, swinging, eagle-without-wings.

"How it pulls at the ropes! How it fights to climb the clouds!" whispered the enraptured Laurette. "Ah, let it go, Monsieur Montgolfier! Cut the ropes and let it soar!"

"Cast off!" That was Monsieur Joseph's voice, sharp and stern with anxiety. The boy who was helping with the fire

Joan of Arc

(SHE ADDRESSES HER JUDGES)

BY RUTH MOORE

Cool lettuce-leaf in early morning dew,
The rabbit's thumping foot and bobbing tail,
The crow's untidy nesting-place, I knew;
Nothing of marching feet and coats of mail.

I tell you simply, judges, in your wrath,
I am not wise, I have no golden tongue;
I mind I stood beside a forest path
And watched the pheasant leading forth her young.

I call to mind that when Saint Michael spoke
There were no sounds of trumpets in the sky;
The dewdrops shone as clearly in the oak,
The pheasants were not frightened, nor was I.

God's saints do not come down to us, my good
And noble lords, like kings of earth arrayed;
It was a simple meeting in a wood
To tell me what to do, and I obeyed.

nobody could tell what might happen!

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"Cast off!" That was Monsieur Joseph's voice, sharp and stern with anxiety. The boy who was helping with the fire

cut the ropes with quick strokes of his knife; the released balloon shot like a cannon ball out of sight!

It was a wonderful moment, a breath-taking moment. Presently the crowd dispersed and went back to their homes. Laurette, with Petit Chou cuddled against her cheek, went last of all.

The next day brought news of the landing of the great balloon. It had traveled for nearly a mile before coming to the ground.

And now preparations were made



"BUT WE HAVE ALREADY PURCHASED A SHEEP, LITTLE ONE," SAID JOSEPH. "WE PAID THE FARMER TWO FIVE-FRANC PIECES FOR HIM"

for the exhibition which would be held in the market place. Invitations were sent out to notables and officers throughout the district of Auvergne. "Come and see the ascent of the great fire-bag on June 5, 1783, at the market place of Annonay," read the invitations, done in beautiful script on the finest handmade vellum paper.

Laurette saw the invitation which was sent to the notary of Annonay, for he was a frequent visitor at the inn of the Three Cherries. The notary, a good-natured man, permitted the girl to hold the precious scroll in her hands; to touch the lettering of the magic summons with a reverent finger; to imagine, for one precious instant, that it was *her* invitation, her password to that thrilling spectacle.

"You are a fortunate man, Monsieur," she breathed, handing it back at last.

He agreed cheerfully. "Yes, yes, it will be quite a pretty sight, I imagine. I hear that this balloon is to outdo all the others in size and beauty of decoration. And if this ascent is a success—" he paused before the absurdity of the statement he was about to make—"if this ascent is a success, then they are actually going to experiment with a basket, a loaded basket. That is what I have heard—it may be only talk. These are strange times we live in, though hardly *that* strange, I should think."

Uncle Jean spoke judicially, "Were men intended to ride the heavens, *le bon Dieu* would have given them wings. I

tell you, those paper merchants are tempting Providence. As for me, when I see people riding the air in baskets as we ride a cart on the road, I shall know the end of the world is near!"

"To see this balloon ascend—would it not be something to remember all one's life?" sighed Laurette. "Tell me, Monsieur Géaux, are no other spectators allowed?"

"Space in the market place will be sold for a five-franc piece," answered the notary. *(Continued on page 30)*

Letters to Valley Forge

By JANE DARROW

Carried to camp by a passing neighbor
Heartened with cheer for the friendly labor,
Or maybe claimed through the penny post
By soldier gaunt as a bony ghost,
Came there letters at Valley Forge
To Saul, Eliakim, John, and George.

Written with tears and a goosequill pen
Came there letters to four lorn men,
Letters they hadn't thought to receive,
Holding the hillside, Christmas Eve.

John was in pitiable naked case
And Saul had an abscess that strained his face.
Eliakim's toes were through his shoes,
And George was shorn of a hat to use—
When he mounted guard in the bitter air
He twisted a rag around his hair,
Tying it tight against the wind
That lashed his eyes till they felt half blind.
His fingers poked through his frowzy mitten
And he lived on scraps that would thin a kitten.
He was a scarecrow, crown to foot—
But a seed had fallen and taken root.

Written with tears and a goose quill pen,
Lonely at home to lonely men,
Rose, Elizabeth, Ann, and Prue
Spoke their minds, as a wife will do
When the candle gutters and shadows mount
And the shivering spirit casts account.

ELIAKIM, with Ethan ailing,
"The bull got loose through that broken paling.
"Them paper dollars ain't worth a penny—
"Use them for fuel, if you still got any.
"For want of a lad at hand to squeeze her,
"Hetty's jilted her Ebenezer—
"Not that I blame her, the way I'm feeling,
"Trying to write with children squealing,
"No one to turn to, and growing older.
"It's fearful cold, and it's promised colder.
"I've carded and spun by the merest glim—
"And I'm just plumb tuckered, Eliakim."

SAUL, the mortgage has fallen due
"And Squire asked if I'd heard from you.
"I gave him the last of your apple brandy



"And you'd better be glad it was left so handy
"Because it's exactly as I feared—
"Everything spirituous commandeered.
"Whether he's Patriot or Hessian,
"A soldier's hungry and needs refreshin'.
"The sheep weren't sheared like they should have been,
"So show me the wool that's fit to spin—
"And what I'm to do for decent clothes,
"The good Lord knows!"

I'M worrying, John, about your mother—
"She has those times when she seems to smother.
"I called the leech and he tried to bleed her
"When she just needs beef, if I could but feed her.
"Your gray ewe died that was soon to lamb,
"And I'm glad—poor creature—I surely am!
"Liberty's costing this country double
"In worry and heartache and toil and trouble!
"We're all so cold, and there's such real lack,
"And I'm sick with quinzy. Please come back!"



TO-NIGHT I'm thinking about you, George,
 "Tramping the camp at Valley Forge.
 "Whenever the skies are dark with snow
 "I can see the huts in a soldier row—
 "And that bright new bunting a-flapping, too,
 "Thirteen stars in a field of blue,
 "And it's like my heart was shaken and strown
 "With glorious stars for you alone,
 "Flapping and dancing for joy above
 "And riding high on the winds of love!
 "It's like my heart was so fine and free
 "It had winged me right where I want to be!
 "So don't get restless, and maybe troubled,
 "Fretting the way the work has doubled.
 "Your Betsy'll do what a woman can
 "To prove her pride in a proper man.
 "I'm young and strong, and there's time a-plenty
 "With both of us little more than twenty.
 "I've shoveled the snow and I've fed the stock
 "And I'll go to bed when I've wound the clock.
 "We'll meet as soon as it's springtime, maybe—
 "And the way you'll laugh at the look of baby!
 "Skin just velvet and pink as clover,
 "And your mother insists he's yourself all over!"

Written with goose quill and quaintly spelt,
 This is the way the women felt.
 It is why three men, short of shoes and shirting,
 Sneaked out of camp—which is called deserting—
 Doubtless occasioning scorn and hissing
 When they were presently chalked as missing,
 For weren't such occasional lapses rash
 When they got you the lash?

Saul found fodder and filled the bin
 And patted the mare on her skinny shin;
 Cutting the ice from the lower pond,
 He stored it away in the barn beyond.
 Eliakim, trailed by his shy, small daughter,
 Had won her love with an orange brought her,
 While John, e'er ever his chore was done,
 Had buried his mother and gat a son,
 Made tight his door and his window sashes,
 Then back to camp for the thirty lashes

Where George still breasted the blowing storm,
 His skin as chill as his soul was warm,
 And lifted his eyes and frosty breath
 To the gallant flag of—Elizabeth!

THE COURAGE for the RUDENESS

As Sara herself admitted, she couldn't seem to help putting her foot in things, but she never dreamed that her example could be an inspiration to someone else

By ELEANOR HULL

THE foyer of the dormitory appeared to be deserted. But Sara, bouncing up from the laundry with a freshly ironed slip over her arm, observed a newspaper erect on the divan, and called, "Hello, Foh May!"

The newspaper descended to reveal a small Chinese girl sitting on her feet.

"Very bad headlines this morning," Foh May said, in a soft voice that slurred l's and r's in one liquid sound.

Sara thumped down on the divan and stared soberly at the newspaper. "Yes, it's awful," she agreed. "That news reel last night, too. It seems too terrible to seem true. War—I can't imagine it, can you?"

"Yes. Any Chinese person can imagine it. Famine—always in China, famine, but much worse during war. Starvation. Injuring. Killing. Babies born and thrown into the river, or discarded on the ash heaps, where they cry, weaker and weaker, until they die. I can imagine it all."

Sara sat erect, her bright blue eyes wide, and a flush rising in her brown cheeks. "You make me imagine it, too," she said. "That about the babies—isn't there anyone to take care of them? No—no community chest, or anything?"

"There are those who try to help," Foh May agreed. "Sometimes. But now there is no money."

"I don't see how you can stand it!" Sara cried. "Your own country, where lots of your friends live!"

Foh May lifted her small shoulders. "We Chinese are used to suffering. No help in making great useless fuss."

"But don't you want to do something about it?"

"Do what?" asked Foh May, folding her little ivory-colored hands in a gesture as old as Chinese womanhood.

Sara sprang up with a rebelliousness as young as American womanhood. "Something!" she said. "We could send money for war relief, anyway."

"Yes, there is that," said Foh May. "Every penny would help."

"Well, by jingoes, I'm going to," said Sara. "I'll make Honey Ann and Lou, too. I bet I could make lots of people." She began pacing excitedly. "By jingoes, let's do it, Foh May! I know this college could send a hundred dollars or two, if somebody just got under it with dynamite."

"There is no dignified way for girls like us to earn money," Foh May answered, her hands still folded.

"Dignified! Toothpowder!" observed Sara. She halted and stared into space. "We ought to get something out of the people in town, too, and the prosperous parents and board members. And we must have a Chinese speaker. We'll have the Chinese consul. Is there a Chinese consul?"

"Not in this place at present," said Foh May. "Oh!" she exclaimed suddenly, and then quickly added, "But no."

"Oh, what?" demanded Sara, seizing on the exclamation



like a terrier. "What were you going to say? Spill it."

"It was a thoughtless thought," said Foh May. "He is far too great a man. We would never dare ask him. But my sister wrote me that Dr. T. Elliot Lung is passing through the city this month."

"He's that famous diplomat, isn't he?" Sara cried. "Foh May, you've hit it. We can find out where he is, and write him. You can write him, Foh May."

"Oh, never," said the Chinese girl, her hands flying up before her face like tiny ivory fans. "I would never have the courage for such rudeness. To approach a man of such position and achievement for such a trivial—"

"Trivial!" Sara echoed, tossing back her bangs. "Maybe you think it's going to be trivial. It's going to blow the roof off this college. We're going to have a meeting this very night. I'm off now to tell Louise to call it."

Louise's and Honey Ann's room was empty. But down at the end of the hall she saw both girls, emptying the wastebaskets into the incinerator slide.

"Say, Sara," Honey Ann called plaintively, "look at this here Louise! She knows I just hate and despise to darn stockings, but she's trying to make me keep these old snagged things."

"Perfectly good," said Louise crisply. "And this red blouse you're trying to throw away is still very becoming, no matter if you are tired of it, Honey Ann. I'm tired of my blue suit, too, but I wouldn't think of throwing it away. There's six months' good wear in it yet."

"Make her stop," Honey Ann demanded, tugging at the pair of hose with her carefully kept white hands.

"Stop brawling," admonished Sara. "Lou, you might as well stop trying to make Honey Ann into a New Englander."

Illustrated by

RUTH KING

SARA READ ALOUD HER ANSWER TO DR. LUNG WHILE THE OTHER GIRLS HALTED THEIR WORK. FOH MAY LISTENED INTENTLY TO EVERY WORD



Besides, any respectable girl does get tired of her clothes this time of year. Say!" she added, and stared fixedly at the disputed hose.

"What's coming over you now?" Honey Ann asked tremulously.

Sara's blue eyes were brilliant. She popped her fist into her palm. "That's it!" she announced. "Old clothes! Our Sunday School class did it once to raise money for camp. I even remember the name of the old clothes man down on Twelfth Street. Anderson it was. Or else Jones. Louise, you call a house meeting right away."

"What for?" protested Louise. "I simply can't follow you when you get like this, Sara Hemingway. Why should I call a house meeting, and what's all this about old' clothes?"

"I'll tell you presently," said Sara, drifting abstractedly away. "Your Honor? Your Excellency? Just as soon as I've composed a letter to Dr. T. Elliot Lung."

HONEY ANN and Louise looked at each other and shook their heads. Their argument was forgotten: they were like Tweedledee and Tweedledum when the shadow of the great bird fell over their battle.

"I'm afraid something's going to happen," sighed Honey Ann.

"I'm sure of it," said Louise grimly.

This was on a Saturday. The following Friday found a group of artistic and public-spirited sophomores gathered in Louise's and Honey Ann's room. Foh May, sitting at the desk with her little feet curled up on the top rung, was quickly sketching letters and figures on big squares of pasteboard, while Jerry, Honey Ann, Nan, and Jane brushed in Foh May's outlines with paint from jewel-like jars of red, yellow, blue, and green.

"Isn't it wonderful that he's really coming!" Honey Ann gloated, following with a quivering brush Foh May's sure strokes. "Dr. T. Elliot Lung! Why, since you first mentioned him, that day you almost scared Lou and me to death, Sara, I've seen his name three times in the newspaper. He must be wonderful."

"Well, here's my answer to him," said Sara, who had been hunched with an intense frown over a sheet of note paper. "Listen! Dear Dr. Lung, The students of Mount Holly College, their faculty and friends, will be most delighted to hear you speak in their auditorium on the date you mention, Thursday, March sixteenth. We shall sell tickets for a dollar each, and we shall be honored if you will distribute the proceeds for Chinese War Relief. We hope our interest will prove of some slight value to your unfortunate country. How's that?"

"Oh, that wouldn't do!" cried Foh May, poised her pen in air. "Don't say 'unfortunate country'! That is insulting."

"O. K.," said Sara patiently. "I'll leave out that sentence."

"He is such a great man," went on Foh May. "It was very presuming to ask him, anyway. I would sooner have died, myself."

"It was very generous to ask him," retorted Sara cheerfully, "and to give him such a good chance to help his country. Our own little clothes sale won't do much good, of course, though it's *our* contribution. But the dollar a ticket for how many people do you suppose—five hundred?"

"Half that, and we'll be lucky," said Jerry, running to answer a loud knocking at the door.

A mountain of clothes staggered in, trembled, and fell on the bed, revealing a red-faced and glaring Louise.

"Well!" she said in an indignant voice, "I never thought to see the day I'd go around begging old clothes from people who insulted me. I simply had to *try* that old two-ninety-eight wash dress out of Beatrice!"

"But they all look so dingy!" Honey Ann protested, leaving her brush to pick fastidiously among the drooping sports dresses, limp wash dresses, and tarnished evening dresses. "I'd be ashamed to give things away without having them cleaned or laundered."

"Darling," said Sara, "most of us poor white trash launder our things with our own lily hands, and next week, pray remember, is examination week."

"I only have one this time!" cried Honey Ann. "All my teachers relented, and I'm going to sleep the whole week."

Sara shot her a glance, then noncommittally sealed her envelope and dropped it into her pocket.

"Say two hundred and fifty for the tickets and fifty for the clothes," said Jerry, looking doubtfully at the pile of garments. "That doesn't look like fifty dollars to me, though. Will two hundred and fifty do any good in China, Foh May?"

"It will preserve many lives," answered the Chinese girl.

"Did you ever see a war, Foh May?" asked Honey Ann.

"Only sniping—no bombs, no real war," Foh May answered. "But I have seen famine." Her eyes quivered shut for a moment. "The streets lined with the dying. And the little babies don't cry—they just look."

The girls bent serious faces over their posters, and the room was silent except for the hiss of the brushes.

Suddenly Sara, who had been biting her lower lip, the while staring intently into space, began to unbutton her dress. It was a scarlet jumper dress, one of her favorite frocks.

"What are you doing now?" Honey Ann asked in patient amazement.

For answer, Sara tossed the jumper on the heap of clothes.

"How can we hang on to things we don't need, when we think of what's happening?" she cried. "And another thing, Honey Ann!"

Honey Ann jumped. "What, Sara?" she quavered.

"You have only one exam," said Sara, crossing her bare arms commandingly on her bosom. "Mr. Smith is coming Wednesday for the clothes. That'll give you time to launder all the things that need it. We'll all help as much as we can."

Honey Ann cried desperately, "I want to help, but, honest, I just can't bear to wash and iron! I'd just ruin everything, too, count of I don't know how to do it."

"Think of those babies," said Sara solemnly. "We'll show you how, Honey, and help all we can."

"Oh, dear," mourned Honey Ann, "I'd a lot rather give away all my clothes. Oh, dear! Well, I'll do it, but you'll be sorry."

"I'm going to give away that blue suit," said Louise, borne on the tide of self-sacrifice. "It has six months' good wear in it."

Showing Honey Ann how to wash and iron was a task that wore out several teachers.

"Darling," murmured Sara, "when the iron has been on for an hour, naturally it scorches."

The next day she looked doubtfully at a row of crumpled frocks hung on a pipe that ran across the ceiling. Then she took the iron away from Honey Ann and laid her finger on it.

"Darling," she said, "naturally it won't press when it's lukewarm. Why don't you turn it on?"

Honey Ann burst into tears.

But she carried on. The others ran in to help whenever they could, but examination week had them hurried

and harried, and papers and notebooks were due, too.

"How's it coming, Honey?" Sara asked, bringing a plate of dinner to Honey Ann in the laundry on Wednesday evening. "Guess how many reservations are in now for the lecture! Jane told us at dinner there were two hundred and seventy! Isn't that grand?"

"Why didn't you tell me this linen would run?" Honey Ann asked mournfully, her dark hair curling damply in her neck. She set down the iron and rubbed her aching back.

"You're all worn out," Sara observed. "I do wish I could help you finish up, but I have to get that biology paper in to-morrow—or else! I tell you, though—I could bring the stuff down here and work. Then maybe it wouldn't be so lonely for you."

"That would be grand," sighed Honey Ann. "I ought to get finished in another couple of hours. But oh, dear, if things only wouldn't get mussed again at the top by the time I finish the bottom!"

"They look better than they *did*, anyway," Sara said cheerfully, and leaped up the stairs.

She soon returned with a stack of books to her chin, dumped them on an ironing board, and pulled up a stool. Study bell rang. The minutes crept by. Honey Ann ironed and ironed, occasionally straightening her back, or looking with rueful interest at the little callous spot forming on her right palm, or hanging up a crisp dress and drawing another limp roll from the laundry basket.

"Are you sure you want to give this red jumper?" She asked as she lifted it down from the pipe to press it. "It looks so sweet on you."

"Course I want to," said Sara, stretching and yawning. "Lucky I had it cleaned last week. Say, you're almost through, aren't you?"

"Only two more," said Honey Ann with weary satisfaction. She ran her hands into the pockets of the red jumper. Sara was always leaving handkerchiefs in pockets. "What's this?" she inquired, drawing something out of one of the pockets. She stared blankly at it. It was a sealed envelope addressed to Dr. T. Elliot Lung.

Sara snatched the letter.

She tore open the envelope and pulled out a sheet of note paper.

"It's not—?" Honey Ann whispered.

"It is," said Sara flatly. "I put it in my pocket and forgot to mail it." She began to tear the envelope in pieces, then added in the same expressionless tone, "Run upstairs and tell Lou to call a meeting."

That was one house meeting that was promptly attended. Girls flocked curiously down the hall as soon as Louise and Honey Ann, two panting Paul Reveres, had pounded at their doors.

They were all gathered when Sara came in.

"No, he isn't coming," Louise was saying. "You see, the letter confirming the date never reached him."

The first appalled silence was swept away by a breeze of

Springtime in England

BY IVY O. EASTWICK

She came with blackbirds, mellow-throated,
Thrushes and linnets, silver-noted,
Violets and pale primroses,
Little lambs with smutty noses,
Fresh, sweet smell of new-ploughed earth,
Robin's plaint and jenny's mirth,
Early, optimistic bee,
Apple blossom blowing free,
Fair and fragrant gillyflower,
Silver sunlight, golden shower,
Flower-of-cherry white as snow
Puffed by zephyrs to and fro.

All the happy-hearted birds
Sang sweet scraps of tunes and words,
Sang them blithely, all together,
Through the pleasant moods of weather,
With their gay, melodious din
Welcoming the Springtime in!



"ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT
TO GIVE THIS RED JUMPER?"
HONEY ANN ASKED SARA

"But don't you suppose he might come yet, if somebody went to him and explained?" Honey Ann cried, unconsciously caressing a calloused palm. "The paper said he arrived in town this morning." She looked, and everyone looked, at Foh May whose face bore the scrutiny as impassively as ivory.

"No, indeed," Foh May said. "Never, never. He has been injured already. To ask him now, at the last moment, would be insult. The Chinese people are very dignified. All left to do is to send profound apology."

"Well, we'll have to refund the ticket money," said Louise heavily. "Two hundred and seventy dollars—out the window. But I s'pose there won't be time to let the people know before to-morrow night. We'll have to work up some kind of program ourselves."

Sara, who'd been standing, brooding and stormy, with her back against the door, muttered, "What's the use of that? Just put a big sign on the auditorium door, 'Sara made a flop, you may as well go home!'" She fumbled for the door-knob and flung out of the room.

"I've never seen Sara so upset," Honey Ann said anxiously,

into the dead silence. "We've just got to try to comfort her. After all, it might have happened to anybody."

But it was like trying to comfort a granite boulder.

"Mr. Smith is going to give us forty-five dollars for the clothes," Honey Ann told Sara, the next morning. "Isn't that elegant?"

"Forty-five!" said Sara. "We'd have got three hundred from the tickets."

"Don't be sad, Sara, you are helping the Chinese people greatly," Foh May said.

"I'm letting them down greatly," Sara answered bitterly. "I'll never forgive myself."

THE foyer that evening swam in lights and outward gayety. A mild traffic jam concerned the janitor in front of the dormitory; portly ladies and gentlemen strolled benevolently up the hall, conducted by girls arrayed in evening clothes and manners.

Sara, coming slowly downstairs with her brown hands twisted tightly together, saw too (*Continued on page 33*)



BRITA AMUSED EVERYONE BY CALLING HER CAMEL—A BEAST NOT NOTED FOR ITS GOOD NATURE—"SUNNY BOY"

A LONG string of camels was crossing the dunes of the Kalahari Desert. For several days the caravan had been ploughing its way through loose sand under a burning South African sun. There was no life to be seen anywhere, no game, not even the usual succulent plants that live on a vestige of moisture in the air.

On the leading camel rode Leopoldius de Villiers, a famous desert character, who knew the Kalahari like a book. On the next beast rode the man whose expedition into the desert this was. He was an American and he had come to this inhospitable part of the African world in search of the ruins of a Lost City. Perched high on the hump of the third camel sat a young American girl, his daughter. In *The American Girl* for February, 1938, you have read about this little girl, Brita, and how she has a mania for taming all kinds of wild animals, from harmless little birds to lions and crocodiles.

This was the fifth day the expedition had traveled in the desert—five long, tiresome, hot days on camelback. Brita was accompanying her father on this expedition through the Kalahari and Namib deserts, and she knew that if, in the future, she wanted to go along with him on his many travels in strange lands among strange peoples, she had better brave the hardships without a whimper, like a real, full-blooded explorer. To be sure, she was frightfully thirsty and tired, but she knew that in one hour—a long, thirsty hour—the caravan would make its usual halt. Then the men would pitch the tents. There would be cool water to

BRITA

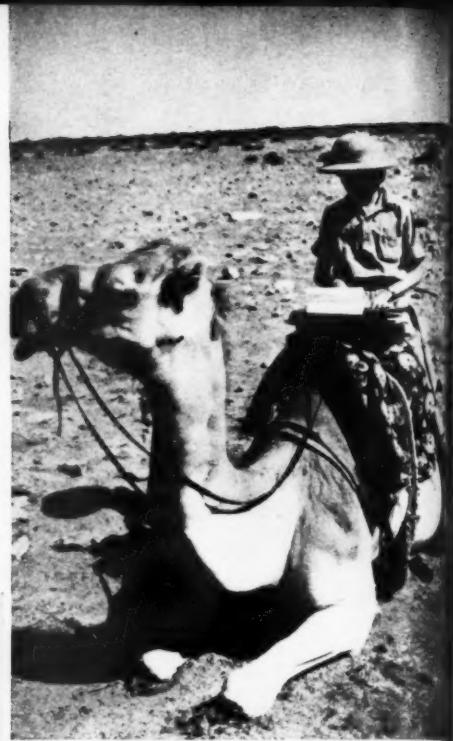
in the

KALAHARI DESERT

By
ALEKO E. LILIUS
Photographs by the author



Although lions and crocodiles, and even a grumpy and unsociable camel, succumb to Brita's wiles, her father draws the line at taming certain creatures for pets



COMFORTABLY PERCHED ON THE SOFT HUMP OF HER CAMEL, BRITA WOULD HAMMER AWAY AT HER TYPEWRITER

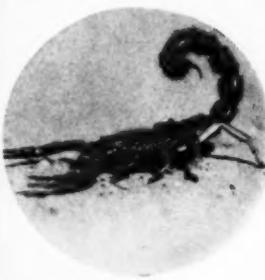
drink from the water bags. There would be a tasty supper of gemsbok meat, bread, honey, and tea. And after that she would be allowed to go to her tent and creep into the blankets—the nights are surprisingly chilly in the desert—and go to sleep. And while she was thinking of all those things that are so welcome to the tired desert traveler, while her camel continued its monotonous *tramp-tramp-tramp*, she suddenly sat up as she saw in the distance, straight ahead of her, a lake, or a large pool of water. So, now wide awake, she urged on her camel and rode up alongside her father. She drew his attention to her discovery.

He looked at her sunburned face and smiled, because he loved her eager way of learning and observing things.

"No, Brita," he said, "what you see ahead of you is not a lake, or a pool of water. It is a mirage."

Just as she was about to ask what a mirage was, her camel snorted and followed up his performance with a roar. This, Brita knew, was really nothing to worry about, because that was one of the many bad habits camels have. They constantly complain, snarl, roar, and even "bubble" deep in their throats. And what is decidedly bad manners, they spit at one when they are annoyed. Now camels have not the makings of house pets, but in some mysterious way Brita, as usual, managed to tame her beast to a surprising degree. To top it all, she had named her steed "Sunny Boy"—not "Sonny Boy." All the members of the expedition agreed that no more inappropriate name could have been given to

RIGHT: WHEN SUNNY BOY WAS NOT ON HAND TO BE USED FOR A DESK, BRITA TYPED ON A PACKING BOX. BELOW: THIRSTY AND WEARY, MEN AND BEASTS TAKE A SHORT BUT WELCOME REST IN THE DESERT



ABOVE: THE SCORPION HAD TWO LARGE LOBSTER-LIKE PINCERS AND A CURVED TAIL HELD OVER ITS HEAD

LEFT: A FAMOUS DESERT CHARACTER, LEOPOLDUS DE VILLIERS, WHO KNEW THE KALAHARI LIKE A BOOK

BETWEEN: TO HER FATHER'S DISMAY, BRITA TAMED A SNAKE TO ADD TO HER COLLECTION OF STRANGE PETS



a camel; there is nothing sunny about those beasts. At the same time, they also agreed that Brita's camel was the best behaved one. She even used it as a writing desk. She would command it to *couché*, the camel would go down on his knees, and, comfortably perched on its soft hump, Brita would hammer away her notes on her own private typewriter. So now, as soon as "Sunny Boy" sees Brita approaching him, typewriter in hand, he couchés without waiting to be told.

About an hour later the caravan made its halt, the beasts were made to kneel, and the riders dismounted. All the expedition's twelve camels were grunting and going through their usual performance, being or pretending to be very angry, and loudly voicing their displeasure. Now, the water bags were produced and everybody had a long, welcome drink. On desert journeys water is usually rationed out to the travelers, while camels get a drink every fifth or seventh day only.

"Dad," asked Brita, "what is a mirage?"

Her father was sitting astride a packing case, writing notes in his diary. He looked up.

"A mirage? I would call it an illusory picture of water, or hills, or trees. It is usually caused by heat waves in the desert. Mirages are dangerous things, Brita."

"Dangerous?" She could not understand how anything illusory, anything non-existent, could be dangerous.

"Yes, my girl. They are dangerous because they are so horribly treacherous. Many a desert traveler has gone to his doom, believing that he sees a lake. But that lake has been an illusion. Maddened with thirst, he has tramped on and on to get at that water—without ever reaching it—and so he died."

That night Brita lay for many hours wide awake in her blankets. Tears rolled down her cheeks when she thought of those unfortunate desert wanderers who had been lured to their death by mirages. In her vivid imagination she saw them stagger through the sand, their mouths dry as parchment, praying for a drop of water, a single, life-saving drop. And ahead of them, always ahead of them, was that clear pool of water they could never reach.

Jackals were barking in the distance. A lion roared somewhere in the north, a camel snarled.

From where Brita was lying, her face buried in the hard travel pillow to silence her sobs, she suddenly noticed something creep up the wall of her tent. In the dim light of the (Continued on page 46)

MONTGOMERY THE LOYALEST

IN SOME way, the spaniel belonging to Brigadier-General Montgomery had managed to break loose. This was no new thing. He was forever doing just that. Let his master be gone from his sight very long, and he worried at the rope which held him until he managed to free himself; then off he would go to follow the scent of the footsteps he knew and loved.

The trick had served him well. For, by doing that very thing, he had managed to come with the Americans from Fort Ticonderoga into Canada on what was one of the first campaigns of the American Revolution.

The spaniel had heard his master and the other officers discussing the question of taking Canada, saying that, unless

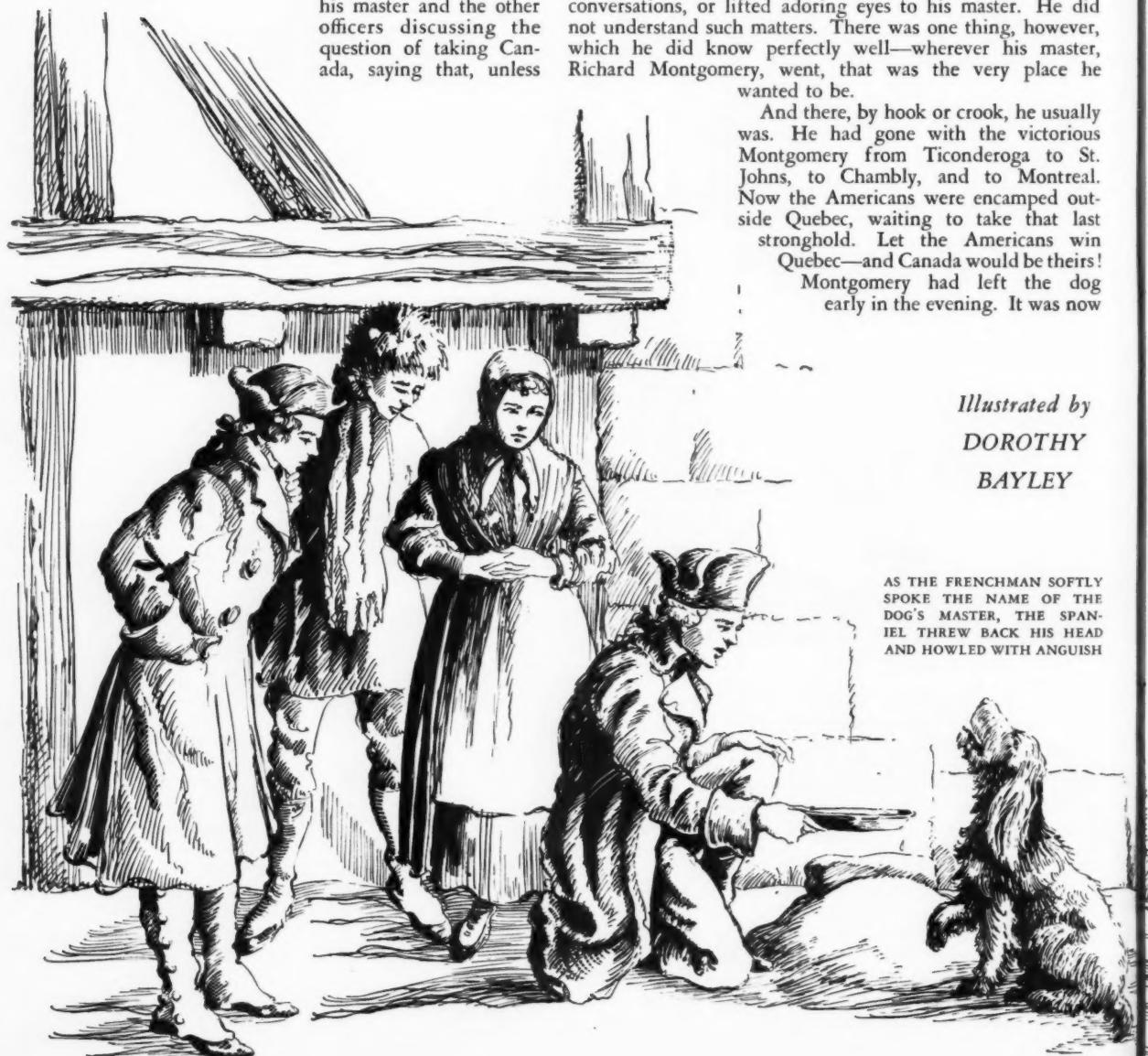
The true story of a faithful dog who followed his master in the unlucky campaign against Quebec during the American Revolution

Besides, they knew there were many Canadians who sympathized with their efforts. For Canada, only a few years before, had itself belonged to France, and many of its inhabitants were not happy in changing their allegiance from the French to the English king.

The spaniel merely wagged his tail when he heard these conversations, or lifted adoring eyes to his master. He did not understand such matters. There was one thing, however, which he did know perfectly well—wherever his master, Richard Montgomery, went, that was the very place he wanted to be.

And there, by hook or crook, he usually was. He had gone with the victorious Montgomery from Ticonderoga to St. Johns, to Chamby, and to Montreal. Now the Americans were encamped outside Quebec, waiting to take that last stronghold. Let the Americans win Quebec—and Canada would be theirs!

Montgomery had left the dog early in the evening. It was now



Illustrated by
DOROTHY
BAYLEY

AS THE FRENCHMAN SOFTLY SPOKE THE NAME OF THE DOG'S MASTER, THE SPANIEL THREW BACK HIS HEAD AND HOWLED WITH ANGUISH

By CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ

two o'clock in the morning of the last day of the year, and the snow was falling thickly about Quebec's great palisaded fort—the citadel, it was generally called. But the dog paid no attention to the snow, or to the sound of gun and cannon growing louder every minute. He was following the scent of Montgomery's footsteps through banks of snow, over great cakes of ice, footsteps that were leading closer to the fort and the roaring guns.

Suddenly men were rushing past him, back toward the encampment. They were Americans, many of them his friends. But none of them had time now to notice the dog. They were moaning, some of them, and crying, "All is lost, all is lost! Montgomery is killed!"

At the word "Montgomery," the dog whined and dashed forward along a narrow way straight toward the sound of the guns. And there, on the ground just outside the walls of the fort, he found a place in the snow where he knew his master had recently been lying.

But Richard Montgomery was not there now, and the spaniel, growing more and more frantic, dashed wildly about, always coming back to the place where his keen nose told him his master had been not long since. He must find him. He must.

The snow came down in great white feathers. The dog grew cold and hungry. But that did not matter. Nothing mattered if he could only find Montgomery, his master.

Dawn came while the spaniel searched on. Perhaps he remembered the days he had spent with his master on the farm in the Province of New York. Perhaps he was thinking of the days that followed at Fort Ticonderoga where the soldiers made much of him; or it may be that he was going over and over in his mind incidents on the march northward into Canada, moments with his master when the officer had caressed and talked to his small companion. Perhaps the spaniel thought of all these things which he had woven together into the great feeling of devotion he had for his master.

The day wore to a close while the dog searched on. He darted inside the city walls and searched there. He heard a strange language, and often a voice called to him, "*Tiens, mon chien. A moi, a moi.*"

Sometimes an English soldier in a red coat also spoke to him. The dog did not

(Continued on page 38)





Treat your palate to a trip around the world, with these unusual and mouth-watering recipes from far-off lands

WHAT fun it would be if we could pack up our pots and pans and go exploring among the kitchens of other lands! And what an experience, too! For the food of a country is just as characteristic of that country as its climate, its crops, its industries, and its people.

So, this month, let's pretend we're all Alice in Wonderland and step through a magic mirror for a real "Cook's Tour." Are you ready?

ENGLAND first! Land of Yorkshire Pudding with huge beef roasts carved at the table; of meat pies and plum puddings; of boiled vegetables and mutton chops. Hearty food, without much variety, but entirely satisfying to the Englishman.

Yorkshire Pudding

1 cup milk	2 eggs
1 cup flour	1/4 teaspoon salt

Mix salt and flour and add milk gradually, to form smooth paste; then add eggs and beat two minutes with an egg beater. Cover bottom of two hot bread pans with melted butter, or some of the beef fat tried out from the roast; pour mixture in pan $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch deep. Put in hot oven (450°F.) and bake 20 to 30 minutes, decreasing the heat as the baking is accomplished. Cut in squares for serving.

Beefsteak and Kidney Pie

4 lamb kidneys	2 cups mushrooms, cut in pieces
1 pound round steak, cut in pieces	1 1/2 tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca
1/4 cup sliced onions	1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
2 tablespoons butter or other shortening	1 cup sifted flour
3 1/2 cups boiling water	1 teaspoon double-acting baking powder
1 teaspoon salt	1/4 teaspoon salt
1/8 teaspoon pepper	3 tablespoons butter or other shortening
1/8 teaspoon thyme	6 tablespoons milk (about)
1 bay leaf	
3 allspice berries	

Soak kidneys in salted water 1 hour. Brown steak and onions in 1 tablespoon butter; add water, salt, and pepper. Tie thyme, bay leaf, and allspice in small cloth; add to meat; cover and simmer about 1 hour or until nearly done. Remove bag of spices. Slice kidneys and sauté with mushrooms in remaining tablespoon butter. Add to meat mixture; then add tapioca and Wor-

cestershire sauce and bring to a brisk boil, stirring constantly. Turn into greased casserole.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Cut in shortening. Add milk gradually, stirring until soft dough is formed. Turn out on slightly floured board and knead 30 seconds, or enough to shape. Roll dough $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick; with sharp knife make slits to permit escape of steam. Fit over meat mixture in casserole. Bake in hot oven (450°F.) 30 minutes. Serves six to eight.

SCOTTISH people are noted not only for their frugality, but for their cordial hospitality. There's seldom a gathering without tea and jam and scones.

Cream Scones

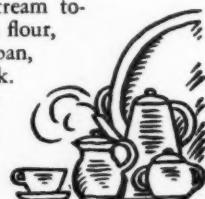
2 cups sifted cake flour	2 teaspoons sugar
2 teaspoons double-acting baking powder	4 tablespoons butter or other shortening
1/2 teaspoon salt	2 eggs
1/3 cup light cream	

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt, and sugar, and sift again. Cut in shortening. Reserve about $1\frac{1}{2}$ of one egg-white for glaze. Beat remaining eggs well and add cream; add all at once to flour mixture and stir until all flour is dampened; then stir vigorously until mixture forms a soft dough and follows spoon around bowl. Turn out immediately on slightly floured board and knead 30 seconds. Roll $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick and cut in triangles. Place on ungreased baking sheet. Brush tops lightly with reserved egg white, slightly beaten; sprinkle with additional sugar, or mixture of sugar and cinnamon. Bake in hot oven (450°F.) 12 to 15 minutes, or until browned. Makes about 12 scones.

Scotch Shortbread

2 cups sifted cake flour	1/2 cup butter
1/3 cup powdered sugar	

Sift flour once and measure. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Work in flour, using finger tips. Press into greased pan, 8 x 8 x 2 inches, and prick with fork. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) fifty minutes, or until delicately browned. Cool slightly and cut in squares before removing from pan. (Continued on page 49)



SNOW STARS

Amid swirling snow and flashing skis a little lost dog brings the thrill of mystery to a gay house party in this two-part story

By
**MARGUERITE
ASPINWALL**

PART ONE

SNOW had fallen on the Poconos all night. This morning, though the flakes were no longer coming down in that steady white smother, the sky was heavy and gray, threatening more snow before the day was over.

A bitter wind was blowing across the white slope of Piney Notch, driving spiraling gusts of snow powder before it. Half way down the hillside a clump of stunted, restless looking pines waved their ice-laden branches. At the foot of the biggest pine a mound of drifted snow moved suddenly, and something small and bedraggled and black crept out from its depths, and shook itself vigorously.

The small black something had long, floppy ears that seemed to add an appealingly wistful look to two bright, golden-brown eyes; and both eyes and ears, just then, were trained alertly on the snowy slope of the hillside above the stand of pines.

Over the ridge of the hill a noisy cavalcade burst suddenly, bringing into that white desert a kaleidoscope of laughter, flying skis, and gaily hued sweaters. Though there was quite enough clamor and action to have represented at least a dozen skiers, there were actually only four, two boys in the lead, and close behind them two girls, one slim and tall, the other so tiny that, at a distance, she looked like a child.

They flashed down the slope, past the watchful brown eyes in the shadow of the biggest pine, without seeing them. In another second they would have been halfway to the valley below, if the little dog had not lifted up his voice in a long, agonized howl of protest at being left behind in a terrifyingly lonely universe.

The thin, high-pitched wail carried a long distance in that clear air, and the chubby girl in the bright scarlet skiing suit heard it first, and tried to check her headlong pace too abruptly. As a natural consequence she lost her balance and her feet simultaneously, and went down in a flurry of dry snow particles and wildly waving skis.

The other three slowed their progress downhill in more orthodox fashion, wheeling in wide, professional arcs that brought them around and part way up the slope again.

By the time they reached her, the girl in the scarlet suit had managed to sit up, maneuvering her skis with the ease of experience. She had lost her knitted green-and-red cap

Illustrated by
HARVÉ STEIN



MANDY LIFTED HER CURLY DARK HEAD ABOVE THE TABLE TOP, CRYING OUT IN SUDDEN, EXCITED EXCLAMATION, "COME, SEE WHAT I'VE STUMBLLED ON!"

in her fall, and tumbled dark curls, liberally powdered with the fine, dry snow, blew back from her face in the wind.

"Ilse, Davy, Pete! There's a lost dog here," she called excitedly. "Imagine—up on Piney Notch!" The black dog whined, and crawled toward her on obviously unsteady legs.

The shorter of the two boys, who had sandy hair, a host of freckles, and a square, stubborn-looking chin, stooped and gathered the dog up in one arm. He put his red-mitten hand over the small, cold nose.

"Where'd you hail from?" he asked, continuing to rub up the nose along the smooth part on the silky forehead. "Looks like a good breed, too—not some poor mutt who's been lost on purpose," he added. "Must have been somebody's pet—see how friendly he is? He's got a collar, too, but the license tag's been pulled off."

The girl named Ilse reached over to scratch one soft, floppy ear, and gravely the little dog offered a wet black paw.

"Why, you darling black snip of a thing," Ilse cried in delight, shaking hands. "Look at him shiver—he's half frozen." Impulsively, she took off her scarf and wrapped it about the dog, who responded with a grateful tongue rasped across her wrist.

Gathered there on the snowy mountain side, the four held serious conclave over their find.

The plump, smaller girl said in a warm, definite voice that sounded as if she usually got her way, "Let's give up our skiing for this morning, and take him back to Uncle John's. I'll bet he's starved, as well as frozen. Then we can decide what to do about trying to locate his owner."

"Any owner who's careless enough to lose a dog like this,

doesn't deserve to have him back," Ilse objected. "I move we four adopt him." She flashed a gay smile from one face to another, and added, "Let's name him 'Snip'—it's so beautifully descriptive somehow. Just a forlorn little black snip of miserableness."

They began the return trip at a much slower pace than their earlier swooping passage downhill.

Snip seemed to have accepted his rescuers as friends, and snuggled down contentedly against Davy's arm. He had stopped shivering by the time the quartet had crossed the ridge and slid gaily down to a long, rambling house built entirely of logs with the bark left on, which stood on a flat plateau of land on the farther slope.

There was a wide covered porch running across the front, and, as the skiing party approached, a door opened abruptly and a tall man in a leather lumberman's jacket and corduroys came out of the house.

"Breakfast's waiting," he shouted, waving to them. "Didn't think you'd take too long a run till you had some of Mattie's flapjacks inside you for warmth. What's that Davy's carrying? Not a bear cub?" He was grinning teasingly, for last night at supper the newly arrived house party had expressed an eager desire to see a bear at the earliest opportunity.

Davy held Snip up.

"Lost dog—darndest little forlorn cuss you ever saw, Uncle John," he said. "Found him in a snow bank, half way down the other side of Piney Notch. Not a soul in sight but us and the pup."

John Forrest put out a brown, muscular hand and took Snip from Davy, gently. He felt the dog over with expert fingers, ruffled his wet coat, ran his hand down both silky ears, turned the stained leather collar about looking unsuccessfully for signs of a name, and finally inspected the inside of a pink, slobbery mouth.

"Looks like a good dog," he admitted. "Cocker—not more than three years old, I'd say. Well-bred, and seems to have manners. Hungry just now, by the looks of him. He may have been wandering over the mountain for several days. All right, old feller, we'll rustle you some bread and warm milk as a starter."

He turned back to the house, still carrying Snip, and the others hastened to shed their skis and follow him in.

THEY had all arrived at Piney Notch lodge late the evening before, to spend several days' vacation with Davy's and Mandy's Uncle John—a trip planned as far back as the end of last summer, when the same quartet had had what they enthusiastically voted as "the week of a lifetime," up here in the Poconos.

Davy and Mandy House were brother and sister, Ilse Halliday was the daughter of an old school friend of Uncle John's, and Peter Burns's mother had been a younger cousin of Uncle John's dead wife. It was Uncle John who had conceived the brilliant idea of bringing together the four young people in whom he was most interested, for a week in his rambling old house on Piney Notch.

The visit had proved such a success, they had made him promise them a repetition of it over Washington's Birthday, when winter sports should be the order of the day.

Uncle John—Ilse and Pete had called him that the second day of the September visit—had a bachelor apartment in Philadelphia, but he kept it closed for more than three quarters of the year, preferring to spend even the winter in his Pocono log house on the west slope of Piney Notch.

John Forrest did not require a great deal of waiting on, and it could not be said that the couple who took care of him up there were overworked. They had been with him for so many years that they knew he regarded them more as friends than servants, and it was only on occasions when he collected



AS ILSE REACHED OVER TO SCRATCH HIM ON A SOFT, FLOPPY EAR, THE SHIVERING LITTLE DOG POLITELY OFFERED A WET BLACK PAW

a house party, as now, that their duties really became at all exacting. And at such times, because the fun, life, and gaiety the visitors brought were so welcome after the usual quiet of the place, they greeted the change, work and all, with enthusiasm.

It was Mattie, last evening, who had planned a supper that made four hungry youngsters literally squeal with de-



light, and the breakfast this morning was equally delicious. Mandy sat at the head of the table, across from Uncle John, and poured thick, brown chocolate from a huge Sheffield coffee pot. On the floor, close to her feet, the newly adopted Snip, dry, and brushed to a silky gloss that positively shone, ate his own breakfast of warm bread and milk daintily from an old-fashioned soup plate. He showed his breeding and his manners, did Snip, in that, half starved as he undoubtedly was, he was still able to eat without gulping.

There was some debate, toward the end of the meal, as to whether the interrupted skiing expedition should be resumed after breakfast, or be postponed till afternoon, and the morning devoted to making their visitor feel completely at home.

Mandy, who had slid down to the rug by the table and tucked Snip cozily into her lap, lifted her curly dark head an inch or so above the table top. "Uncle John—all of you—come here and look what I've stumbled on! The name plate on his collar has come loose at one (Continued on page 41)

WITH the LOW GIRLS IN SWITZERLAND

All photographs Alice L. Drought



AMERICA, SOUTH AFRICA, AND THE NETHERLANDS RELAX ON A BENCH AFTER TRYING OUT THEIR NEW HOB-NAIL BOOTS ON A CLIMB UP A PRECIPITOUS TRAIL IN THE MOUNTAINS AROUND "OUR CHALET"



FROM THE PORCH OF "OUR CHALET" ONE'S EYE CAN FOLLOW A BRAWLING BROOK, OR CAN WANDER OVER MOUNTAIN SLOPES TO FAR BLUE DISTANCES PUNCTUATED WITH CLOUD-WREATHED SNOWY PEAKS



"OUR CHALET" NEAR ADELBODEN, SWITZERLAND, WHERE GIRLS FROM TEN COUNTRIES ATTENDED AN INTERNATIONAL MEETING



MAYME THOMPSON AND MARY FRANCES OYEN, TWO MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN GROUP, MIX HARD SAUCE FOR GINGERBREAD ON INTERNATIONAL COOKING DAY

RIGHT: LIKE A FAIRY-TALE COTTAGE IS THE "SQUIRREL HOUSE" ON THE GROUNDS OF "OUR CHALET," WITH ITS ROOF WEIGHTED DOWN WITH ROCKS TO HOLD IT SECURE AGAINST SUDEN WINDS. THE STAFF SLEEPS HERE. AT FAR RIGHT: TWO GUIDES FROM INDIA PREPARE CURRY AND RICE FOR AN INTERNATIONAL MEAL



MEMBERS OF THE JULIETTE LOW MEMORIAL THIRTY EIGHT REPRESENTED TEN COUNTRIES. ON THE UNITED STATES, IRELAND, AND SWITZERLAND. EGYPT, INDIA, SOUTH AFRICA, AND THE NETHERLANDS ARE IN THE SECOND ROW. LEFT TO RIGHT STANDS AT REAR WITH MILE. YVONNE FRAULEIN VON HERRENSCHWANDER OF SWITZERLAND, LEADER OF THE SWISS ALICE DROUGHT, LEADER OF THE UNITED STATES

ULIETTE
RS IN THE
ALPS

raphs Alice Drought



, SWITZERLAND, WHERE GIRL SCOUTS AND GUIDES
AN INTERNATIONAL ENCAMPMENT LAST SUMMER



EMI RASCH OF THE
NETHERLANDS AND JO-
ANNE MYBURG OF
SOUTH AFRICA GAZE IN-
TENTLY AT SOMETHING
IN THE DISTANCE, FROM
THE PORCH OF "OUR
CHALET"—CAN IT BE A
CHAMOIS OR A GOAT?
WE'LL NEVER KNOW!



THE "BABY CHALET" AT THE FOOT OF MARCHING PINES, WITH WILDSTRUDEL MOUNTAIN IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND AND, CENTER, PFITZER MOUNTAIN REARING ITS SAW-TOTH CREST



**BELOW: ROMA ROY
OF INDIA, IN HER
FLOWING EASTERN
GOWN, FILLS A PAN
WITH WATER FROM
THE COOL SPRING AT
"OUR CHALET"**



ABOVE: WEARING THEIR NATIVE COSTUMES THESE GIRLS FORM A COLORFUL GROUP: LEFT TO RIGHT: EMI RASCH OF THE NETHERLANDS; GERD MATHISEN OF NORWAY; ULLA SJOSTROM OF SWEDEN; MAYME THOMPSON, THE CHEROKEE INDIAN GIRL FROM AMERICA; NADER EL EMARY AND ESMAT FAHMY OF EGYPT; AND BENOO FORBES AND ROMA ROY OF INDIA



MEMORIAL TROOP FOR NINETEEN
ED TENTRIES. ON THE FRONT ROW ARE
AND, SWEDEN KNEELS IN THE
OUTH YUGOSLAVIA, AND THE NETHER-
D ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT, WHILE NORWAY
ILLE, YUENOD OF THE CHALET STAFF,
HWHANDOR OF "OUR CHALET," AND MISS
ER OFERS FROM THE UNITED STATES

INTERNATIONAL "OUR CHALET" by

BELOW: AN INTERNATIONAL GROUP OF GIRLS DISCOVER THAT PEELING VEGETABLES IS ABOUT THE SAME IN ANY LANGUAGE!



LOOKING TO THE NORTHEAST FROM "OUR CHALET" TOWARD MOUNTAINS CAPPED WITH CLOUDS



BELOW: THE JUGOSLAVIAN DELEGATES STIR THEIR STEAMING KETTLE WHICH CONTAINS A VERY GOOD RICE-AND-MUTTON COMBINATION CALLED "PILAU"



THE NORWEGIAN DELEGATE COOKED A SPECIAL KIND OF PANCAKE AS HER CONTRIBUTION TO THE VARIETY OF FOODS PREPARED BY GIRLS FROM DIFFERENT COUNTRIES DURING THE INTERNATIONAL COOKERY DAY AT "OUR CHALET," ADELBODEN



FIVE American Girl Scouts and their leader boarded the R. M. S. *Aquitania*, on August third last, with adventure in their hearts. They were bound for Cherbourg, Paris, and "Our Chalet" at Adelboden, Switzerland. They were the American members of the Juliette Low Memorial troop, and they came from widespread parts of the United States. One was from Havre, Montana, in the Far West; one, a full-blooded Cherokee Indian, came from Tahlequah, Oklahoma, in the South West; a third came from Springfield, Illinois, in the Middle West. The South's representative came from Tallahassee, Florida, while the Eastern delegate came from Rochester, New York. The leader was a Middle Westerner from Milwaukee.

We docked at Cherbourg at seven in the morning, a week later, and went from there by boat train to Paris. After a day-and-a-half of adventures and of sight-seeing in Paris, we took a night sleeper for Switzerland. We had "tickets" for breakfast on the train next morning, but there proved to be no diner! We were told that the section of the train going from Berne to Lausanne would have a diner, but not the section proceeding from Berne to Frutigen. That was our first surprise in Switzerland.

At Frutigen we got off the train and transferred to a bus. Our tickets read "Adelboden," but the bus driver must have been trained to recognize Girl Scout and Girl Guide uniforms of whatever color and whatever nation, for, before we got to Adelboden, he stopped the bus and deposited our luggage at the side of the road. This was our second surprise. We took it for a hint to get off, too, which we did. We were met presently by "Cigogne," a Swiss guider (leader) who is assistant in charge at "Our Chalet." Still breakfastless and very hungry by that time, we climbed the mountain from the crossroad up to the Chalet. We arrived there an hour before dinner time.

South Africa, India, and visiting Greece came part way down to meet us. Norway and Sweden arrived as we were having dinner, and Egypt arrived at tea time. (Afternoon tea is an established custom at the Chalet, and you would no more think of missing tea than you would consider going without dinner or breakfast.)

There were eighteen, in all, in the Juliette Low troop. They came from north of the Arctic Circle and south of the Tropic of Capricorn—Girl Scouts and Girl Guides from

four continents and two hemispheres. The two representatives from Jugoslavia were known as "Girls of the Mountains," for that is what "Girl Guides" means in that country. There were two delegates from South Africa; two from India; and two from Cairo in Egypt. There was one from Tromsö in the northern extremity of Norway, and one from Gothenburg in Sweden. One of those from Great Britain came from Belfast in Northern Ireland and the other from Bedford in England. One delegate represented the Netherlands. Some had traveled by land and sea for three weeks and more to get to "Our Chalet" in time for the opening of the encampment. These were our delightful companions for nearly three weeks: Christians, Mohammedans, and Zoroastrians, but fundamentally Girl Guides and Girl Scouts, living the same Scout law under the flags of nine different nations.

The day's activities at the Chalet begin

with the rising bell at seven-thirty. Those who have household tasks, such as cleaning the library or the hallways, do them before breakfast, which is at eight-thirty. The Juliette Low troop was divided into three patrols of its own, and also was divided into what are known as "house patrols" which take care of table setting, serving, dish washing, and preparing vegetables. All of the campers at the Chalet belong to some house patrol. These patrols are named after the surrounding mountains: Wildstrubel, Lohner, and Pfizer. The number of house patrols increases as the Chalet population increases. While we were there, a company of Belgian Guides arrived from Brussels with their leader, and a large group of English guiders and rangers came from Manchester and Birmingham.

Colors at nine-thirty in the morning introduced us to the startling custom of wearing hats during the Color ceremony. Another Chalet custom which was new to us was

ADVENTURES at

R. ALICE DROUGHT, Leader of
the American Girl Scout Delegation



ABOVE: THE FIVE AMERICAN DELEGATES TO THE INTERNATIONAL ENCAMPMENT, SNAPPED ON THE DECK OF THE AQUITANIA ON THE WAY TO EUROPE. BELOW, LEFT TO RIGHT: ESMAT FAHMY, EGYPT; GERD MATHISEN, NORWAY; MAYME THOMPSON, OKLAHOMA, U. S. A.; ULLA SJOSTROM, SWEDEN; NADER EL EMARY, EGYPT; AND EMI RASCH, THE NETHERLANDS

always shaking hands with the left hand instead of with the right. This was confusing to the Americans until we became used to it.

We had Court of Honor daily, usually just before Colors. After Colors, unless we had some special plans for the day such as an all day excursion, we had discussion sessions for a couple of hours. We learned much about each others' countries: their geographical positions and climatic conditions, their educational and recreational opportunities, their economic and industrial problems. Then we discussed Guiding and Scouting in the various countries which were represented, and compared second and first class tests. Yugoslavia and the Netherlands have a third class, as well as a second and a first class.

Camping in the various countries was discussed at great length. Most of the nations represented, camp under canvas, but they do not have established camps as we do here in America. Most of them do troop camping, and some of them run into tremendous difficulties. Egypt, for instance, has little besides a waterless desert on which to pitch tents and set up camp. South Africa and Northern Ireland reported that they have patrol leaders' training camps. In South Africa these camps are held at Christmas and at Easter, and in Northern Ireland they are held week-ends during the year.

Patrol leadership is taken very seriously in other countries. In Norway and in the Netherlands a patrol leader holds her position as long as she remains in a Guide company. In Yugoslavia and in Switzerland, patrols engage in patrol activities of all kinds, and in patrol hikes, just as often, or even more often, than they do in regular troop activities. The Yugoslavian delegates reported that their patrols meet each week, and again for patrol hikes on Sundays, and that their troops meet just once a month.

Dinner at twelve-thirty followed our morning discussions. Each afternoon, after rest hour, or after tea, we hiked somewhere, rain or shine—and it usually was rain! We wore the hob-nailed boots of the mountain country which most of the Swiss wear. Almost always we each "packed a mac," which means that we strapped raincoats (or mackinaws, as the Swiss call them) to our backs if it was not actually raining when we started out. Usually we "packed" knapsacks, or rucksacks, as well, for we soon learned that we needed free arm movement to do our best climbing. We did not care to be bothered with bundles. We never carried anything in our hands, or on our arms, that we could strap to our backs.

Our mountain climbing started with hikes to the village of Adelboden, about a half hour's distance away. Day by day the hikes



ANOTHER VIEW FROM "OUR CHALET"
—THE RUGGED PFITZER MOUNTAINS

became longer and the climbing steeper. Sometimes we started out for a whole afternoon of climbing. Then we would take our sliced and buttered black bread with us, in rucksacks, for tea, and sit down on the mountainside at the end of a trail and eat it. Once, when we had gone to Adelboden to swim in the pool, we sat on a rail fence right in the village and "ate our tea." At the Chalet we had the black bread and Swiss cheese, the cherry currants and the thick soups of the Alpine country, and liked them.

Short hikes to the near-by waterfalls led inevitably to a longer climb, and the day came when we started off for Engstlichen Alp for an overnight trip. With knapsacks full of provisions and extra "jerseys" (sweaters) and "woolies" (woolen pajamas), feet shod with five-pound pairs of hob-nailed boots, blankets and "macs" strapped to our backs, we set off up the trail in mid-afternoon. Sunset found us high up on Engstlichen Alp, with temperatures down close to freezing. We stopped at a mountain hut for hot soup and black bread, and soon thereafter were sound asleep. Next day the group climbed still higher, up to the snow line where blue gentians and white anemones were still in full bloom. The second day was cloudy, and fog closed in on mountains and mountain climbers both, making everything mysterious and causing the climbers to lose their way. This was high adventure indeed!

Another all-day trip took us to Grindelwald Glacier, where we climbed up into a blue ice grotto; and to Trümmelbach Falls at Lauterbrunnen, where roaring waters swirled through cavernous shafts of hard rock and splashed madly into a river below. To get to the falls we took an elevator right into the mountain for a distance of three hundred and fifty feet, at a forty-five degree angle. It was a weird experience. Then we climbed still higher, and but for our "macs" we should have been drenched to the skin by spray.

A special day at the Chalet was international cooking day, which has become a tradition with Juliette Low Memorial troops. On that day, each nationality group built its own fireplace on the mountainside back of the Chalet, and prepared and served a national dish. The Yugoslavian delegates cooked pilau, a rice-mutton dish that was very good. Egypt prepared Egyptian potatoes, which were scalloped potatoes with sliced onion and sliced tomatoes. (Continued on page 42)

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

Laurette's "Ah!" and something in her look pierced his good-natured heart.

"You would like to go? You would like to be there when the great fire-balloon arises?" he asked, and again Laurette sighed.

But her voice was steady as she answered, "It is impossible, Monsieur. Perhaps there will be other times when they experiment in their meadow—and I may watch for nothing!"

"But it is not impossible!" cried the notary. "If you really wish to go—enough that you would spend a five-franc piece—then I, Gaston Genaux, shall be the means of providing you with that five-franc piece. I shall tell you how you may get it!"

"You spoil the child, Monsieur," spoke Jean. "Already she is enough of a cloud-head, without encouraging her to watch any more fire-balloon ascents!"

"But this is a business offer I make," answered the notary. "I will give you a five-franc piece, Laurette, for that worthless little runt of a lamb that is forever tagging at your heels! He is not really worth a five-franc piece, but for your sake!—With a little more fattening, he would make a fair pie, I guess."

"No! No!" Laurette shrank back. Suddenly the notary's too fat face was menacing, with its too large teeth and too greedy eyes. "How could you think such a wicked thing, Monsieur? That I would sell le Petit Chou to be made into a pie? Do I look like such an evil witch as that?"

The notary laughed and shrugged his shoulders. "Ah well, then! I thought to offer you a kindness; I thought you wished to see the ascent!"

But Uncle Jean, when the notary was gone, was angry with Laurette. "You will drive away my customers with your impertinence and your saucy ways," he muttered. "It was indeed the day of my misfortune when I brought you here!"

And, by way of punishment, when the day of the great flight drew near he sent her away for a week to work on his step-daughter's farm. The farm was ten miles from Annonay, and there would be no chance to catch even the most fleeting glimpse of the ascent. It served her right enough, he said, for being so saucy. But since Uncle Jean was not really such a black-hearted ogre as he pretended to be, he permitted Laurette to take Le Petit Chou with her. No work was ever so hard, no place so lonely, no scolding so severe to the girl when she had her pet with her.

WHEN she returned, the great affair was over, but not forgotten. The town was still seething with excitement. The balloon had made a wonderful flight. It had soared into the air six thousand feet and had traveled for a mile and a half. The news of the wonderful flight had spread, not only over Auvergne, but over all of France.

"No happening in years has caused such interest," her uncle told her. He felt genial; the exhibition had brought much business to his inn, and there were still many people in town who had come to see the now famous brothers. "It is too bad, my child, that your impertinence caused you to be banished from home that week—only a day after you were gone Monsieur Joseph himself came here with a special invitation for you, one of those fancy engraved scrolls that looked like a King's summons."

FIRST FLIGHT

"For me?" Laurette's eyes were wide and dark, her voice a whisper.

"I told them it must be a mistake, yet they insisted. Somehow they had got the silly idea that you are especially interested in air experiments."

Laurette rushed out of the inn, and le Chou gamboled after her. The thought of what she had missed turned her dizzy with longing. "If I had only controlled my runaway tongue—my reckless, dangerous temper," she mourned. "But still I do not regret that I defended you against that—that cannibal!" she assured the lambkin. "Not for all the fire-balloons in France would I let you be eaten, my sweet one!"

The excitement of the great ascent did not die away. Indeed, it seemed to increase when it became known that the King and Queen had become interested in the fire-balloon, and that

A LETTER FROM THE ILLUSTRATOR

NEW ROCHELLE, NEW YORK: Readers of First Flight, Miss Mason's charming story of Laurette and her lamb and the Montgolfier Brothers' balloon, in this number, might be interested to know that the descendants of the air-minded Montgolfiers are still, to-day, making paper in their town of Annonay, France. And very excellent paper it is. The whole truth is that it is a superlative paper, used for a century and a half for the finest printing and for drawings by artists, great and small, the world over, the master Ingres among them. It is made for water-color, pen and ink, charcoal, crayon, and pastel.

So, when Mrs. Stoddard asked me to make drawings for this manuscript, I told her it just would not do to make them on any but the Montgolfier paper. She agreed with me, and I did.

This is not an advertisement for the Montgolfier papers. Having been for generations the standard of artists and art students in many, many countries, it doesn't need any.

Orson Lowell

the most magnificent ascent yet would be held in Versailles some time in September.

"There will be passengers this time! Think of it—passengers to ride the fire-balloon!" so the rumor went about. No wonder the King and Queen were having the ascent in the capital city, and having a special gallery built for royalty!

Now the Montgolfier brothers were indeed busy, building the magnificent balloon which was to make the most daring experiment yet known in the history of France. They were seldom too busy, however, to have a kind word and a smile for the little maid from the inn when she came over with a potpie, or a flagon of red wine, which they had ordered. In Laurette, they seemed to find the most sympathetic spirit in the village.

"It is a king balloon," she whispered, clasping her hands in admiration before the giant framework which they showed her. "It is an eagle among balloons."

It was indeed, an eagle. It was seventy-two feet high, forty-one feet in diameter; it weighed nearly a thousand pounds, and it was

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

decorated with the most elaborate designs.

"So it is an eagle, my child," agreed the kindly Stephen. They showed the girl the wicker basket which would swing below the huge fire-balloon. "And see what the eagle will hold in his claws as he soars into the air!"

"Passengers!" intoned Joseph solemnly. "Three passengers! Write down in your book of memory, *ma petite*, that great day of September 19, 1783, as the day on which the first passengers to ride the air rose into the heavens!"

"Have you chosen the passengers?" whispered Laurette.

"We have considered them," said Stephen, with a curious twinkle in his eye. "It is not just anybody who can ride in the great balloon. It takes—what does it take but deathless courage? The passengers must be chosen carefully."

"Lucky, lucky three!" sighed Laurette, feeling that quiver of the heart which the thought of flying always gave her. "Oh, Messieurs, how blessed will be those three passengers. Even though they should fall to the ground and die—what a glorious death it would be!"

"I believe this child herself would be willing to make the flight," laughed Joseph, giving Laurette a pleased little hug.

"Willing?" echoed Laurette. "But, Messieurs, what greater glory could one ask of life than that—to be one of the passengers?"

TIME went on, and the day drew near when the great ascent at Versailles was to be made, but still the names of the three passengers had not been revealed.

"Of course, the brothers Montgolfier will be two of them," mused Laurette, as she reflected upon this ever thrilling question. "But that is only two. I wonder who the other will be? Perhaps the King himself!"

It was the seventeenth of September, a lovely blue-and-white day, when Laurette heard at last the identity of the fortunate three. She had the news from a customer at the inn, one who had just come past the Montgolfier shop.

"They are starting to Versailles," he announced. "The fire-balloon is packed in a cart big enough to haul a house. The brothers are going with the cart and also—the three passengers!"

"The passengers?" Laurette, scrubbing mugs in the corner, paused at her task.

"Who are the foolhardy three who would commit suicide in that fashion?" queried another guest.

The newsbearer gave a loud laugh. "You would never guess," he said. "You would never guess what their names are—if, indeed, they have any names. Unhappy and unwilling enough they looked to me."

"Out with it, before I break this mug over your head!" An impatient youth expressed what was in Laurette's mind. "Who are they?"

"A cock, a duck, and a sheep!" The fellow gave his news with deliberation; then, as a chorus of exclamations arose, he added, "Of course it wouldn't have been humans. The King wouldn't think of allowing that. The first experiment, he said, had to be made with animals."

"Did you say they had gone? Have they left?" Laurette cried, in a voice husky with excitement.

"They were just packing when I came by. Probably by now—"

But Laurette did not wait to hear him finish. She did not wait to ask her uncle's consent. In her mind was a dazzling ambition, strong enough to crowd out every other thought.

"But surely, surely, they will take my sheep, my Petit Chou! Surely he is as good as any sheep!" She had rushed out to the yard and gathered up the young sheep in her arms. He was a good-sized load for her, but she had no time to waste coaxing him now.

"We must hurry, hurry! This may be the most wonderful day in your life, my pet! Perhaps *you* may be the sheep, the first sheep in the world, to ride in the air!"

The cart was moving away when Laurette came to the paper merchants' house, but it halted at the sound of her insistent call.

"It is the little one from the inn—and carrying her sheep!" exclaimed Stephen. The next moment, breathless but with brilliant eyes and cheeks, Laurette had paused by the cart and was making her plea—that her pet lamb should be chosen for the privilege of ascending the air.

"But we have already purchased a sheep, little one," said Joseph. "We paid a farmer two five-franc pieces—"

"I would give you that much to take my Chou, if I had it," breathed Laurette. "Oh, Messieurs, will you not please let him go up in the fire-balloon?"

"But if he were killed—" said Stephen gently.

Laurette's eyes filled with tears. She hugged the lamb closer, then she answered, "Even a sheep must die sometime, Monsieur. It is better for him to go out gloriously—like a torch—than in a dull way, like—like a potpie!"

Stephen Montgolifer bent down and kissed Laurette. "God bless you, my dear!" he cried. "You are a little eagle, yourself. We will take your sheep. And pray that he will come to earth safely!"

Laurette turned and went back. Her arms were empty, but her heart was light. Her heart felt as if it had soaring wings.

"He will come back," she murmured, "I know it. I shall pray every hour to the good God, and He will guide the balloon as He guides the eagle." So confident did she feel, that she was smiling when she went into the inn to face the reproaches of Uncle Jean.

Uncle Jean said bitterly, "You might have sold him for a five-franc piece! Now you have lost both sheep and money."

"He will come back safely," said Laurette.

She was not astonished, a week later, when the merchants came, themselves, to the inn, Stephen proudly carrying the lamb. The flight had been a wonderful success. The loaded balloon had risen to fifteen hundred feet; it had floated for two miles through the air, and had landed safely on the ground with its passengers unhurt.

Even Uncle Jean looked at Laurette with respect when the merchants had finally gone away. "Take your lamb and go out and play awhile," he said. "After all, you are only a child. You need a little play."

She went out into the sunshine, le Petit Chou trotting happily behind her. Suddenly a shadow on the ground made her pause. She looked up. It was the eagle, floating lordlike in the air above.

Laurette knelt on the ground, laying her hand on the head of her lamb.

"Look upward, my little cabbage," she said tenderly. "There goes the eagle. Look at him, but do not fear him. You are his kinsman now. You, too, are a flyer, an eagle, my brave pet!"



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HOW I MADE PEANUT DOLLS

Something to do on a rainy day, or when you're housebound for any reason—with simple, easily followed directions



DAISY

THE first step in making dolls out of peanuts is to select the right kind of nuts. Pick out peanuts that seem to have two parts, one for the head and the other for the body. Then draw the eyes, nose, and mouth on the peanut with India ink, and paint the eyes, lips, and cheeks with water colors.

Punch four holes in the body part of the peanut for the arms and legs. Then cut off two pieces of wire, the right length for the arms, cover them with white tissue paper, leaving one end wide and flat to form the hand, and push them into the holes for the arms. For the legs, use match sticks. Cut the sticks the right length, make them pointed on the ends with a pen knife, and push them into the holes meant for the legs. Glue them in, if necessary. Taper the sticks at the other end with your knife to make them look like ankles.

Clothes should be made of tissue or crêpe paper. Fold the paper in half, and cut out dresses and slips the required size for the women and girls. Cut a hole in the top, and a slit down the back, and slip the garment over the head of the doll. Fasten the dresses together at the back with adhesive tape, or mucilage. Cut a strip of crêpe paper for the belt, and tie it around the doll, with a bow in the back. This helps hold the dress on. Sometimes I paste the sides of the dresses together after I have placed them on the dolls.

Use white crêpe or tissue paper for the men's and boys' shirts. Fold the paper in half, cut a round hole in the top, cut a slit down the front, and slip over the doll's head. Paste the sides of the shirt and the sleeves together after placing the garment on the doll. Cut a strip of white paper and paste it around the doll's neck for the collar; then cut a strip of bright-colored crêpe paper

By DAISY WELCH



TOP: AN ASSEMBLY OF PEANUT PEOPLE WITH THEIR PEANUT PETS BENEATH: MAN, BOY, AND ROOSTER, COMPLETE EXCEPT FOR THE COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!

and tie it around the neck for a tie, folding the collar down over it. This makes a neat tie and collar.

Dark-colored tissue paper should be used for the trousers and coats. Fold the paper in half and cut the garments out, then paste the edges together. When they are dry, place them on the dolls very carefully so as not to tear them. Bend the arms of the doll back when putting the coat on. Fold the edges of the coat down in front and paste to make the coat lapel.

Cut small pieces of crêpe paper, and paste around the lower part of the legs of the boy and girl dolls, and fold down to make the

socks. For stockings for the men and women, wrap white or tan-colored tissue paper around the legs and paste.

After the dolls are completely dressed, put on the hair, as it is easier to slip the clothes over the head before the hair is on. Use soft rope for the hair. Cover the doll's head with glue, then put the rope on. After the glue is dry, clip the men's and boys' hair quite close with the scissors. I bob the hair of some of the girls, and I braid the hair of the others in long pigtails. The women's hair should be arranged in a knot upon the head and fastened with a pin, or with glue, as this gives them an older appearance. If black hair is desired for any of the dolls, dip the ravelled-out rope in the India ink bottle and, after it is dry, glue it on the doll. For red, or a darker-brown shade of hair, mix water color to the required color and dip the ravelled-out rope in it, gluing it on the doll when it is dry. To make curls, wind the rope around a pin, a few strands at a time.

Almost any kind of soft wood will do to make the feet. Cut the pieces of wood the required size and shape for the feet. Then make a hole in the heel part with your pen knife. Place the legs of the dolls in the holes in the feet and glue them there, letting the doll stand until the glue is dry. After it is dry, paint the feet with India ink, or paste black paper, which looks like imitation leather, over the feet of the dolls to give the effect of shoes.

For belts on the men and boy dolls, cut strips of black paper which looks like leather, the right width and length; cut out buckles of gold or silver-colored paper and paste in position on the belts, then paste the belts around the dolls.

For ribbons for the girls' hair, cut strips of crêpe paper and tie it in bows on their hair.

To make dogs and cats out of peanuts, pick

out peanuts that seem to have two parts, one for the head and one for the body. Draw the eyes, nose, and mouth on them in India ink, then punch holes for the legs and tail. Use match sticks for the legs; cut off a piece of wire for the tail and cover it with tissue paper. Cut two slits for the ears; then cut the ears out of wood, in the right shape, and glue them into the slits.

To make the hens and roosters, select peanuts that are a little pointed on one end. Punch holes for the legs and bill, and cut slits in the top and back for the comb and tail. Use match sticks for the legs and bill. Cut the comb and tails out of wood, in the right shape, and glue all parts in.

In order to make the chickens stand alone, mount them on pieces of wood. Cut a piece of wood about one-and-a-half inches long and one inch wide; punch holes in it and glue the legs in these holes. Then cut small pieces of wood for the toes, and glue them on. Paint the combs bright red with water colors, make two dots on each side of the head with India ink for the eyes, and then the chickens are complete.

THE COURAGE for the RUDENESS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

late that Mrs. Curtis, the wife of the president of the college, was approaching her.

"Good evening, Sara," Mrs. Curtis said. "What an interesting occasion this is! And you, as usual, are largely responsible, I believe!"

"Oh, yes," agreed Sara, sighing deeply. "I can't seem to help putting my foot in it. Or rather, losing my head."

Mrs. Curtis raised her eyebrows. "But, my dear," she said, "I call this neither—to launch such a worth-while project, and then to secure one of the greatest Chinese lecturers to crown its success!"

Sara stared blankly. She had a moment of panic. Surely Louise had made arrangements! Surely Louise hadn't planned to spring the disappointment as a surprise! Why, she must have let the faculty know.

"Pardon me, my dear," said Mrs. Curtis. "But Dr. Lung is arriving now."

Sara pivoted on shaking knees. There in the doorway stood a fat Chinese gentleman with a smile-wreathed face. Beside him, smiling, too, stood Foh May. Foh May raised her little hand to Sara in a gesture of summons.

Dazed, Sara followed Mrs. Curtis across the foyer.

"Mrs. Curtis, Dr. Lung," said Foh May.

"So delighted for the privilege of being here," responded Dr. Lung in faultless English, bowing low as he spoke.

"We are deeply honored by your coming," said Mrs. Curtis.

"And this is Miss Sara Hemingway," continued Foh May. "She has worked much for our country, Dr. Lung, and spared neither herself nor friends. And in the last she spared not even me! For it was she who gave me the courage for the rudeness to come to you this morning, Dr. Lung."

Dr. Lung bowed again. "Without which, this happy occasion could not have been," he said gravely. "Thank you, Miss Sara, for giving my Chinese sister 'the courage for the rudeness.' China is grateful."



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IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

THE HIGH COST OF KEEPING PEACE

Traditionally, America has loved peace. We've been so busy developing our matchless resources, and so isolated geographically, that we've had little interest in building big armies and navies for aggression or defense. Yet, in the last five years, the United States has spent about five billion dollars on armaments. And now we're told our billion-a-year outlay falls short. We must spend more. Just why?

The answer is: To-day's world. After the World War was over—the conflict which hopeful people called "the war to end war"—democratic countries turned trustfully to treaties, international law, the League of Nations. These, it was felt, might bring lasting peace. Disillusion spread as Japan, Germany, Italy, by aggressive policies and acts, hammered home the idea that, henceforth, dealings between states were to be governed not by international law, but by the law of force.

Finally, and shatteringly, came the agreement of Munich and the events that followed it. In a series of ruthless strokes, Germany demonstrated that threats of force, backed by armaments, might win diplomatic and bloodless victories. At Munich, the world saw Adolf Hitler bargaining with a pen in one hand and a gun in the other.

The resulting peace was "peace with a sword." With Europe half-at-peace, half-at-war, with wars blighting many parts of the world, Uncle Sam looked around him—and didn't like what he saw. He decided he'd better see to his defenses.



Also, with dictator nations on the march, the United States is facing a new defense problem. It is concerned with South America, with Canada, as well as with its States, Territories, and vital outposts. It is thinking about plans to make the whole Western Hemisphere secure. No small job, this!

While authorities agree that the United States must strengthen its defenses, they aren't of one mind about the means by which this can best be done. Some have emphasized our need of new planes; others have stressed deficiencies in anti-aircraft and anti-tank guns, and in dozens of other essentials.

Now and then we hear voices—Walter Lippmann's, notably—raised in warning. What we need, such warnings tell us, is not so much the tools of war as facilities for turning out vast numbers of such tools, in a future emergency. Shipyards are more important than battleships, a humming aircraft industry more essential than combat planes actually built. Armament and industrial plants must be ready to supply weapons and war goods. Men must be trained in advance. Further, since future battles are now being fought in the great nations' laboratories, we need to put more money, more effort, into research.

Such advice is, perhaps, the best of all.

IS THE WORLD GROWING WARMER?

"Old-fashioned winters were colder." Now and then elderly people say something of this sort—not always to listeners who believe them. They can find backing for such a view, however, in statements that have come re-



cently from observers in various parts of the world.

For instance, Mr. J. B. Kincer, of the United States Weather Bureau, has noted a change in America's climate. After studying five thousand weather records, from 1858 to 1936, he has concluded that the United States has been tending to dry up and warm up. The average annual temperatures for summer and winter are a little higher than they used to be; and there is less rain and snowfall.

Weather experts in Russia have announced that the Arctic—and parts of Europe, as well—have been growing slightly warmer in recent years. Radio messages sent by Lincoln Ellsworth, the explorer, tell us that, of late, the seasons in Antarctica have been less severe than formerly.

Is the whole world getting warmer? Shivering people in Europe must have thought, last December, that if mild winters were now the rule, they'd be grateful for some of the mildness. They had been hit by a record-breaking cold wave that stretched all the way from Scotland to Greece.

Plainly, any upward curve, on thermometers, is subject to many a downward dip.

NEW SKYWAY TO THE NORTH

Planes may soon be carrying passengers back and forth along a new aerial highway between Seattle and Juneau, Alaska. Flyers of Pan American Airways have been making experimental hops over this route for about four months. Now, the company has finally got permission from the Civil Aeronautics Authority—the Government bureau in charge of such matters—to start regular, scheduled flights. When travel begins along the new skyway, it will take only about twenty-four hours to fly to Alaska from New York.

Already, our northern Territory is surprisingly air-minded, though commercial flying up there didn't get a brisk start until fairly recent years. Now, there are about five miles of skyway in Alaska, for every mile of highway.

In the United States, flying is now a science, a business, rather than the romantic calling it's sometimes thought to be. But up in "Uncle Sam's attic," piloting a plane is still, at times, a hazardous adventure—at least in the case of non-scheduled hops made by free-lance airmen. Such flyers have performed strange feats. In planes equipped with skis they've taken off, in summer, from slippery mud flats, circled up to great heights, and landed prospectors on snow-covered glaciers near ore-bearing rock which could best be reached by air. One daring pilot set his ship down on a snow shelf far up on Mount McKinley, to rescue a party of scientists lost on the high white peak.

"If you want to see planes toting crazy cargoes, go North," one Alaskan pilot said



to this writer. "They fly mining machinery, they fly ore, and crates of eggs—yes, and live hogs and fresh oranges and dog teams.

"I once saw a pilot land to look over some freight he'd been asked to carry—he hadn't been told what it was. It turned out to be a young ox, very full of zing! Some farmers wanted it flown over a mountain range—they planned to use it to break wilderness ground. The ox looked at the plane; the pilot looked at the ox. I don't know which was the most surprised. But the man did fly the animal, set it down sweet as could be. It pulled a plough the very next year."

WHERE DID EARTHLY LIFE BEGIN?

About twenty-five years ago, a distinguished Swedish chemist, Svante Arrhenius, put forward a startling theory concerning the origin of life on our earth. His idea was that life, in the form of minute spores, might have reached our globe from some other planet. In other words, our world had been "infected" with life millions of years ago, and these original primitive cells, through evolution, had built themselves into the complex forms we now know.

Scientists were interested, but one objection seemed unanswerable. How could these tiny, living immigrants have survived the cold of interstellar space, a temperature approximating that of Absolute Zero? (Absolute Zero is 459.6 Fahrenheit degrees below ordinary zero.)

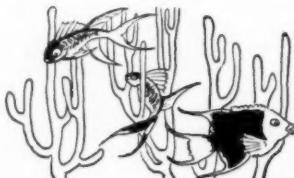
This objection vanished when, in the latter part of last year, Dr. Alexander Goetz, an American physicist, announced a discovery. He had found that when he froze certain bacteria, in a fraction of a second, to a temperature almost as low as that of Absolute Zero, these simple organisms entered a strange, glasslike state. In this vitreous condition their life was latent, practically suspended. Vital processes were so slowed that one minute's ordinary functioning would now require some ten thousand years.

Dr. Goetz's conclusion was that organisms in this condition might have survived the interstellar cold. So Arrhenius's idea may not have been so fantastic, after all.

DWELLERS IN A MAN-MADE SEA

Did you ever envy a mermaid? Well, you can now come pretty near to getting a mermaid's-eye view if you make a trip to Florida. At Marineland, fourteen miles south of St. Augustine, a "marine zoo" has been opened. It cost half a million dollars. The idea originated with Mr. W. Douglas Burden, a trustee of the New York Zoological Society. His thought was: Let the people stay on land, but observe as if they were under water; bring the sea to them.

This has now been done by the use of two tanks—one a hundred and the other seventy-five feet in diameter. Five million gallons of water pour into and out of them daily. Swimming about in them are thousands of sea-dwellers of all sorts and sizes, with coral reefs and waving seaweed to make them feel at home.



The visitor climbs a castle-like structure on the outside and views the swimmers from above. Then, going down, level by level, he watches them, through glass, from galleries. At last he gets a close-up of those which live on the ocean bottom.

Sharks and large fish are caught by the use of "mercy bullets," projectiles which carry an anesthetic that puts the fish into a coma for a few hours. During this time he is captured and transported to a new home where he never has to work for his living again.



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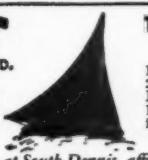
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MATTERHORN MEADOWS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

July fifteenth

Walking along our flowery path is like walking through a mosaic, or an embroidery. There isn't a flowerless inch. And every small petal is immaculate—they might all be laundered overnight, they are so shining and crisp and flawless. The wild violas, like dwarf pansies, the yellow violets demure in crevices, the diminutive blue gentians—we can't begin to decide on our favorites. You'd think in such gigantic panoramas the flowers would stretch a little, to match; instead, they are all miniatures of themselves. The inch-high primroses enchant me.

This morning it seemed more surprising than ever to have such a horizontal footpath in such a vertical place. When we leave the path to get down to Lee's pine tree, we realize how difficult all our walking might have been—though it's lovely to go swinging down through the pink Alpine roses and the juniper bushes to the precipiced edge, while the black choughs fly past on the mountain wind.

Lee sketched the pine this morning, while we three roamed the hillside. He has promised us that we may choose the flowers for the foreground of the group, and we are overcome and elated with our good fortune and responsibility.

To-day we discovered the beautiful white dryas in the grass, with its five snowy petals and its gold stamens. Then we found silver thistles! There were wood pinks, too, which tantalized us with their spicy scent, and wild geraniums swayed here and there.

We found ourselves on the windswept plateau again. Here the pipits, found only in high altitudes, flew over us, uttering their buoyant little cries.

"Look!" Betty said suddenly. "Did you ever see anything as lovely as this grassy hollow?"

Helen and I exclaimed, too. The little emerald cup was overflowing with flowers.

"Oh," Betty cried, "if it could go in the group!"

"Let's put it in!" I said. "Lee is going to have a pool in the foreground. This could go just in front where people could see every petal."

We sat down by the exquisite cloisonné bowl, and began to make a list of the flowers in it—primroses, tiny daisies, violas, forget-me-nots, dryas, baby buttercups.

"It will never be as enchanting as it is now," said Helen breathlessly. "Let's call Lee."

"No," Betty said. "Let's make a diagram of their arrangement. The violets huddling against that gray stone and the one primrose in their center—you could never plan such a perfect combination."

"And the funny pink silene, like a little sentinel on the mound of moss! We must have it."

We felt very scientific, taking notes on our treasure—"twenty-four forget-me-nots, seven dryas, one rose silene," there in the sun and wind.

Our mornings are warm with sun, but every afternoon grows cold and cloudy. Still we are lucky in our half days; they say it rained constantly, all the month before we came.

As the inn isn't heated, I find the most comfortable thing to do after lunch is to go to bed, under the great puff they give us for a coverlet, and read Jane Austen, though we can keep warm by playing tennis. By late afternoon it's usually clear again and then we walk before dinner.

July sixteenth

This day was sunny from beginning to end. Helen, Betty, and I walked down through the forest to Zermatt. It was a dazzling morning and we met many people climbing up the path on their way to Gornergrat. "Morgen," "Jour" and "Grüss Gott" made "Good-morning" sound very commonplace.

Zermatt was pretty, but far too tourist-filled; we prefer our inn—though we enjoyed the one street of shops, where we bought Lee's paints, and where Betty and Helen fell in love with a set of after-dinner coffee cups, each with a different Alpine flower. After lunch at the hotel we walked out to the river, through the hayfields where everyone, even the children, raked the hay. We laughed to see haycocks walking along on two legs, on their way to the carts. There was a lovely scent of drying grass everywhere. Down by the river of silver gray we went to sleep under the larches.

Walking back to Zermatt, we listened to the afternoon music in the hotel garden, while I drank coffee and the girls had raspberry ice cream sodas, at sixty-seven cents apiece.

Wednesday

To-day we went up the cog railway to the top. To Gornergrat. This is a pinnacle high in the Alps, surrounded by a sea of peaks and glaciers. It is one of the wonder places of the world. It seemed a perilously high perch to us, as we ate our lunch on the stone parapet which guarded us from chasms, while an unbroken circle of pure white crests towered around us against a gentian sky.

Our crag grew very hot after lunch, and crowded, as more trains and mountain climbers arrived. Such headgear as assembled! Peasant caps, sheik veils, English bonnets, green Alpine hats, fedoras with enormous crowns decked with pheasant feathers!

We had meant to stay for the sunset, but it was far too blistering—even under my umbrella which they had teased me so for taking. We retreated from the snow fields at three.

I haven't mentioned the appealing little waitress here. She's just come from some mountain village; she can't be more than fifteen, and she is so cunning and so scared!

The service in the dining room always amuses us, with its military precision. Most of the guests file into the room as soon as the gong rings, then a procession of waiters carries in big silver soup tureens—and the meal goes on, with much elaborate drilling. Our little waitress is not allowed to serve yet; she stands by the service door, with round eyes and rosy red cheeks, and looks aghast. We want to soothe her as we would a frightened kitten.

July eighteenth

Lee woke me to see the fog creeping up the valley to Zermatt. It was a weird sight. The white billows that filled the lower valley moved slowly toward the village, creeping forward like an enormous dragon. A long head stretched out above Zermatt, a wing lifted up a mountain slope. At last it swallowed the village, and the whole valley was a sea of gray while, high above, the sunlight gilded the snow.

After breakfast we started out with great excitement, for Lee was to inspect our grassy hollow. To our delight he approved it highly, and sat down to make a pencil sketch.

We hunted for columbines, which he wants

to paint in color. Swinging by pine trunks down a steep chasm, we found a whole company of the beautiful dark-blue things standing in high grass. This columbine, which is a much stronger blue than our Rocky Mountain columbine, is one of the rarer flowers here, and we were relieved to find it so easily. In a narrow cleft we also found the Alpine lily of paradise, ethereal white, marvelously lovely.

We had an agonizing luncheon with an ornithologist from Geneva. He and Lee had had a wonderful time talking birds, but at the table it developed that his English was purely ornithological. Betty, who is our linguist, worked heroically at translating us into French, but the poor man became shyer and shyer, and we grew frantic at his misery.

I felt impelled to do something drastic. If we could only tell him how we were enjoying our bird and flower hunts! Why I ever thought I could describe anything in my kindergarten French I don't know, but I heard myself saying impetuously, out of a clear sky, "J'aime des fleurs, monsieur."

He turned a bright pink. Heavens, did he think I was hinting for a bouquet? At that thought, I turned a brighter scarlet, and the others looked at me bewildered.

"The flowers here—I mean, *ici*!" I added desperately. "Des fleurs *ici*."

There was a perplexed silence. I gave up trying to save the party.

But in the hall, as the victim was trying to escape, Betty had a last minute inspiration and tried German. What a transformation scene! Poor man, he was a German Swiss, and not French as we'd supposed from his name. Torrents of language rolled about us. Betty responded eloquently, and the party ended in waves of enthusiasm. But all day long the girls kept bursting into fits of laughter and saying in desperate voices, "J'aime des fleurs, monsieur!"

It has changed from spring through summer into autumn, in this one week. The birds aren't singing constantly now, and there are fall flowers, coarse yellow daisies, and lavender asters.

We have found practically all the flowers listed in the two volumes of Klein that we carry everywhere. I think we've seen everything except the crocus, which bloomed before we came, a rare scarlet lily, and the edelweiss. The last is growing in the hotel garden, but we scorn to count it in such a habitat.

To-night our chef surpassed himself! We always wait with intense excitement to see what dessert is—he sends in such gorgeous concoctions. This noon we had a miraculous custard "pouding" in a star, with scarlet sugar, curls of whipped cream and tiny plums. In spite of our social tragedy, we appreciated the masterpiece and sent the chef our congratulations.

So to-night he outdid himself. The waiters proudly bore in huge cones of raspberry ice, filled with vanilla cream, drifted about with elaborate designs in spun sugar. With these were tiny tubes of delicate pastry filled with whipped cream and wild strawberries. We almost burst into applause! Betty did applaud, by brazenly taking two helpings; we have envied her ever since.

Sunday

We are beginning to know the people here a little. All week the only English-speaking people besides ourselves at the inn were three

elderly persons, tall and thin—an Englishman, his wife, and her sister. Their great concern seemed to be that they needn't notice us. One day I met them on the path, and when they saw me approaching they all faced uphill. The husband pointed grimly at a flower, at which they all gazed intently till I was safely past. This delighted me, but since then it's happened over and over, to all of us, and our amusement has become almost uncontrollable. Now the inn is filling up, and a friendlier atmosphere prevails.

This morning the girls and I walked to the east glacier, along a forest path, by rushing water.

And we discovered an island! Below our path a turbulent mountain stream divided and encircled a grassy plot; perhaps no one else would consider it an island, but it is certainly "land entirely surrounded by water." An island in the Alps is a rare discovery; we immediately took possession of it in the name of the expedition.

We are excessively proud of it. The brook breaks around it in miniature waterfalls, rapids, and small brown pools; it has three juniper bushes, and silver thistles, harebells, and pink daisies among its silvery-gray rocks, which are lichenized with pale-green and russet.

We thought Forget-Me-Not Island would be an appropriate name for such an engaging spot, but there were no forget-me-nots. That could not thwart us, however. We decided to stop on our way back and plant forget-me-nots!

We went on almost to the glacier, when it began to rain and we had to take refuge under a pine near an inn. A nice German couple huddled with us and told us stories of the Black Forest as we dodged raindrops together.

At last the downpour slackened and we dashed for home. In spite of the rain, we stopped at our island and rapidly planted four forget-me-nots, one for each of us. Then we ran on, so fast that we were back in time for the concert before luncheon.

The afternoon was very wild. We watched its changing moods from our balcony window. Rain swept down and fog boiled up from the valley. Sometimes Zermatt was completely lost in gray. Sometimes gold sunlight touched the tips of clouds in the valley below us. Wild steamers of white tore along the precipices, a surf of clouds raged against the cliffs.

When we went down to dinner, we heard that three men are lost on the Matterhorn. They are trying to climb this face of it, which has only been done successfully once before. We felt sick to think of them, caught in the storm.

Monday

I'm on our island. Our forget-me-not plants are flourishing. The girls are on their way to the east glacier again; Lee is taking pictures. A girl who is an expert mountain climber has just been sitting here with me. It was thrilling to have her illustrate her stories by pointing out the very peaks she's conquered.

We haven't yet heard the fate of the three Matterhorn climbers. The Matterhorn itself is a faint misty white, with a white half moon over it, this mid-morning. It looks like a vague dream, but I could appreciate it more if I knew those men were safe from it. Too many lives have been lost up there.

This afternoon we are going with Lee to choose the junipers, small pines, and Alpine rose bushes for the foreground of the group. They must be packed and shipped to America before we leave. The juniper and pines will be preserved and stained green at the museum. Only the bare bush of the Alpine rose will be



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sent home, and there wax leaves and flowers will clothe it. We will send back some of the long dry grass, too.

Our small brook rushes, rushes past. I want to go exploring down its banks, but the grass won't dry off. The rosy-winged bees are here around me, and brown butterflies. A chaff-chaff is singing the same song over and over; I love this place.

Tuesday

The mountain climbers are safe—and they successfully completed the climb. But they spent all that stormy night clinging to a ledge too narrow to sit on. I'd rather look at the Matterhorn from here.

Wednesday

It is almost time for our departure.

Betty and Helen and I have been gathering flowers for Lee's collection to-day. He has decided to take a specimen of each flower back in formalin. That preservative keeps the shape of the petals and leaves, though all the color is lost. But our books show the colors.

We had a fresh breezy day for our collecting and we visited all our favorite places, finding our little friends. I was afraid it was too late for my primroses, but we discovered a cluster under the north face of a cliff.

Some sheep, mountain sheep but not wild ones, strolled down the mountainside from above, and took a violent interest in our activity. One old ewe with her lamb insisted on hovering over us till we didn't know whether to laugh or be afraid of her.

In mid-afternoon it grew so warm Betty and I decided we must take the flowers to the inn. But where was Helen? We decided she had gone down to Lee's pine tree, and took our way back to the hotel.

There we wrapped each flower carefully in cheesecloth, and, to keep them fresh till Lee could put them in formalin, we stood them up in water in our wash bowls, after they were wrapped in gauze. Poor darlings, they stood there in their queer shrouds, waiting to be mummified, like little white nuns. When we thought of their fresh petals all hidden away, we felt quite touched and contrite.

It had taken us a long time to wrap them all. Just as we finished, Helen appeared breathless at the door.

"Well!" she said with great indignation.

"What's the matter?" we asked innocently.

"You two!" she said. "Calmly walking off and leaving me cornered by that old sheep!"

"We thought you were with Lee," Betty answered soothingly.

"I was in a corner of the cliff," Helen said fiercely, "and she stood in front of me—and wouldn't let me by! I'd call 'Betty!' and she'd say 'Baa!' And the lamb laughed at me! I'd still be there if Lee hadn't come along!"

Betty and I looked guilty.

Then Helen noticed our bundles. "What are those awful little ghosts? *Our flowers!*" she cried in horror.

Betty and I looked guiltier than ever. Helen began to laugh at our remorseful faces, and we ruefully joined her. We still feel slightly conscience stricken, but, when the Matterhorn group is finished and the little grassy hollow filled with miniature flowers is a joy to thousands of visitors, perhaps we'll be proud of our day's work!

AFTERNOTE. The Matterhorn group is finished. And the Matterhorn and the pine and the Alpine roses are on display. The columbines we found are painted on the background, and the yellow daisies are there in the rocks. But the little grassy hollow was not possible to reproduce. The tiny flowers would have taken far too long to copy. So, instead of our bowl of flowers, a single little rose-colored silene stands on a rock alone. It is a tiny monument to our disregarded inspiration.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

MONTGOMERY

ished. Then he rose and put on his great coat.

"Bring me some water and bread," he added, going quickly through the door.

When de Lanaudière arrived at the place where the American brigadier-general had been buried, the dog was still lying there, cowering in the snow. He was watching the crowd with some mistrust, but he made no unfriendly sign.

"*Mon ami*," said the aid-de-camp softly. And then, remembering that Montgomery had been Irish, he spoke again. "Mavourneen," he murmured.

The dog's sad eyes turned toward the speaker, and the Frenchman knelt on one knee beside him. "You belonged to Montgomery?" he said, holding out his hand.

At the name the dog raised himself, turned back his head, and howled with anguish.

"Give me the bread and water," said de Lanaudière.

"*Il ne le mangera pas*," said one of the soldiers who had tried to feed the spaniel.

But the aid-de-camp kept his hand outstretched and the bread and a pan of water were handed to him. Speaking softly in English, he put the water and the bread beside the spaniel. The dog hesitated, and finally drank a few swallows of water. Then he threw himself back upon the mound, and would not take anything to eat.

"I will return, Montgomery," said the aid-de-camp, moving away. The dog looked after him and whined a little.

For a whole week de Lanaudière came regularly to the grave where the spaniel kept watch. He brought a warm fur and put it beneath the animal, he wrapped warm things about him, for it was very cold. Always he spoke gently, uttering the word "Montgomery" over and over again.

Little by little the dog began to watch for his coming, and he seemed to expect the Frenchman's caresses. He had been persuaded to eat as well as drink, and during the nights he had ceased to keep the townsfolk awake with his howling.

At the end of the week the aid-de-camp lifted

the spaniel from his cold bed and explained to him, as though speaking to a child, "Your old master is gone now. You must come with me, Montgomery. I will take care of you."

The spaniel licked his hand, then looked back to the grave where he had kept vigil so long, whined, and struggled to free himself.

"No," said the man, "Montgomery, you must come with me." And he walked swiftly away with the spaniel in his arms.

De Lanaudière's wife, Elizabeth, smiled when she saw the two. "What are you doing with a rebel dog?" she asked.

"He is no rebel," said her husband. "He is loyal, indeed. If, in time, he can transfer his affection to me, I shall be proud. Remember, my dear, only sixteen years ago Canada belonged to the French. Yet I, born a Frenchman, now serve the British Governor."

"Well, the dog's master also transferred his loyalty," said his wife. "Once, you have said, he was a soldier for the British king. Wars are strange things, aren't they—Montgomery?" She laid a slender hand on the little dog's head. He answered with a swift thrust of his tongue and a whine caught in his throat.

So did the Colonial spaniel from the Province of New York come to dwell in the home of the French aid-de-camp, who called him by the name of his former master—"Montgomery."

THE spaniel quickly became a favorite in the family of his benefactor, and, more and more, the dog showed his affection. But the Frenchman did not dream, until some months later, how completely he had been taken into the dog's heart.

It was midsummer when, with Elizabeth at his side, de Lanaudière left Quebec on horseback to go to his manor at Sainte-Anne-de-la-Pérade, which was sixty-six miles distant. As he did not expect to be there long, he decided not to take the spaniel with him. "Keep him tied for a couple of days," he told his servants, "so that he will not try to follow me."

Montgomery heard the preparations for departure, and then (*Continued on page 42*)

Some one took the information to Charles de Lanaudière, the aid-de-camp of the Governor-General of Canada. De Lanaudière was a Frenchman, but now that Canada belonged to England he served the new government. Nevertheless, the news of the loyalty of the spaniel stirred him greatly.

"What, three days and nights with no nourishment?" the aid-de-camp asked, aston-

WHAT'S ON THE AIR?



This list has been selected by permission from the Educational Radio Check List published in "School Management Magazine." Readers are asked to re-check the programs in their local papers for last minute changes.

THE girl who wishes to be a discriminating radio listener, whether alone, with her family, or with a group of friends in club, class, or Girl Scout meeting, will find this list a guide to good radio programs, sponsored by the Columbia Broadcasting System, the Mutual Broadcasting System, and the National Broadcasting System. The time indicated is Eastern Standard Time.

SUNDAYS, P. M.

1:00-2:00 NBC-Blue **Great Plays Series**—Feb. 5, "Richelieu" by Lytton; Feb. 12, "The Octo-
roon" by Boucicault; Feb. 19, "Redeption" by Tolstoi; Feb. 26, "The Doll's House" by Ibsen.
A "Great Plays" pamphlet, Part II, covering the plays until May 7th, may be had for ten cents a copy from The National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Center, New York City. It gives plot, setting, sketch of author's life, facts about the premiere of each play.

2:00-2:30 CBS **Americans All, Immigrants All**—This series dramatizes the building of our nation, and highlights the contributions of all races and nationalities to the greatness of America.
Feb. 5, "The Jews in America";
Feb. 12, "Slavs in America," No. 1;
Feb. 19, "Slavs in America," No. 11;
Feb. 26, "Orientals in America."

3:00-5:00 CBS **Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York**—Fine symphonic music by one of the world's great orchestras. John Barbirolli conducting. Deems Taylor talks about the program during intermission.

4:30-5:00 NBC-Red **The World Is Yours**—Dramatizations of adventures in the world of science, based upon exhibits in the Smithsonian Institution.

5:00-5:30 CBS **Words Without Music**—Directed by Norman Corwin, these programs dramatize poetry with unusual sound and choral effects.

MONDAYS, P. M.

5:00-5:30 CBS **Let's Pretend**—Classic fairy tales dramatized by Nila Mack, with a cast of young actors.

6:00-6:15 NBC-Red **Science in the News**—The latest inventions and developments in science explained in simple language.

7:45-8:00 NBC-Blue **Science on the March**—Dr. Ray Forest Moulton, noted physicist, tells some of the stories behind the great scientific discoveries of modern times.

9:00-9:30 MBS **Yale Drama Series**—The playwriting class and drama department present original productions.

TUESDAYS, P. M.

3:30-4:00 CBS **Story of the Song**—Each week outstanding singers of the concert stage are presented in selections from the treasury of songs, in English.

5:00-5:30 CBS **Music for Fun**—The Columbia Symphony Orchestra, with Howard Barlow conducting. Girls and boys appear on each program to talk about music played. William Spier acts as interlocutor.

WEDNESDAYS, P. M.

5:00-5:15 CBS **March of Games**—Children who like asking and answering questions are given opportunity on this program directed by Nila Mack. Questions submitted by youthful listeners are posed to four equally youthful contestants, and prizes awarded.

5:15-5:30 CBS **So You Want to Be**—Successful persons in all walks of life, hotel managers, sports writers, firemen, policemen, foresters, social workers, radio masters of ceremonies, etc., are interviewed by girls and boys who want to follow in their footsteps.

9:30-10:00 NBC-Blue **Wings for the Martins**—An answer to the oft-repeated wish of so many American families to "see ourselves as others see us"; Feb. 1, "Planning for College"; Feb. 8, "No More Movies This Month"; Feb. 15, "What, No More Night Work?" Feb. 22, "Places to Learn Outside of School."

GIRL SCOUTS will want to tune in on *Liam and Abner*, CBS, on Wednesday, February 22nd, at 7:15 P. M., E.S.T., when the two rural philosophers will devote their program to International Thinking Day.

THURSDAYS, P. M.

5:00-5:30 CBS **Let's Pretend**—See "Mondays."

5:15-5:30 CBS **Andersen Fairy Tales**—Feb. 2, "The Shirt Collar" and "The Princess On the Pea"; Feb. 9, "The Swineherd"; Feb. 16, "The Top and the Ball"; "The Jumpers"; Feb. 23, "The Happy Family."

8:30-9:00 MBS **Sinfonietta**—Small symphony orchestra conducted by Alfred Wallenstein.

9:30-10:30 NBC-Blue **America's Town Meeting of the Air**—Modeled on the town meetings of old New England, at which voters gathered to hear arguments on common problems and to question speakers about points on which they wished more information. (A good program for girls who take part in school and club discussions.)

10:00-10:30 CBS **The Columbia Workshop**—Unusual radio dramas.

10:30-11:00 CBS **Americans at Work**—Industrial life dramatized in interviews with workers in tunnels, laboratories, factories, steamships, etc. (Ties in with activities for "My Community" and "My Country" badges.)
Feb. 4, "Dressmaker and Fashion Manager" (From Paris)
Feb. 11, "Plumber."
Feb. 18, "Silversmith."
Feb. 25, "Carpenter."

5:00-5:15 CBS **March of Games**—See "Wednesdays."

5:15-5:30 CBS **Men Behind the Stars**—Dramatizations revealing the scientific facts of astronomy and the personalities of men who devoted their lives to exploring space. (Good program for "Star Finders.")

10:30-11:00 CBS **Four Corners Theater**—Features revivals of dramas which have played in the past to America's rural audiences in more performances than the greatest Broadway hits.

11:00-12:00 Feb. 18th CBS **Young People's Concert**—The Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York, conducted by Ernest Schelling, who comments on the music played.

12:00-12:15 MBS **This Wonderful World**—Girls and boys take part in a program conducted from the Hayden Planetarium.

1:15-5:00 NBC-Red **Metropolitan Opera**.

2:00-2:30 MBS **Once Upon a Time**—Fairy tales of all lands are dramatized with novel sound effects. Filter and echo microphones give new and colorful luster to voices of giants and ogres, fairies and other creatures of fantasy. Feb. 4, "The Fishererman and His Soul" by Oscar Wilde; Feb. 11, "The Devil's Mother-in-Law," an Irish folk tale; Feb. 12, "The River God's Wedding Was Broken Off," a Chinese legend; Feb. 25, "Rip Van Winkle," by Irving.

7:45-8:00 NBC-Red **Lives of Great Men**—Distinguished literary critics tell how great men and women earned fame and influenced their own and future times.

8:30-9:00 NBC-Blue **Original Radio Plays**—The works of contemporary authors are presented.

9:00-9:30 CBS **Men Against Death**—Dramatized stories of science's fight against disease and death. From Paul de Kruif's book.

10:00-11:30 NBC-Blue **N. B. C. Symphony Orchestra**—Led by the great conductor, Arturo Toscanini.

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[] Gay Colorful Costumes

Dennison CREPE



IT WOULD be jolly if everyone could go about visiting as Jean did in Helen Perry Curtis's book, *Jean and Company Unlimited* (Winston) — which you will remember as the story of Sue's travels with her mother, when it was printed in your own *AMERICAN GIRL*. However, if one were planning to go on a journey, it would be far more interesting if one knew something about the peoples and countries before starting. Here are a group of books that take you into families who live in far-distant places.

The Year Is a Round Thing (Harper) by Helen Ebeltoft Davis is a true story about the author's childhood in Tromsö, a little island off the northern coast of Norway. You meet Helen who is twelve, Elizabeth who is ten-and-a-half, Edith who is nine-and-a-half, Adolf, their younger brother, and baby Rolf. It is Helen who thinks of the year as a great wheel, half light, half dark. Her wheel had twelve spokes in it—one for each month of the year. Each month brought its special life and excitement. Every year practically the same things happened. In September, when school began, she believed that they began to crawl up—and uphill means work. The days get shorter and shorter. Then come the storms and snow, with Christmas on the very top of the wheel. Then New Year, and, by the end of January, the sun comes back for a whole hour. Slowly they roll down the other side of the wheel until there are days and nights like the rest of the world. But, from the middle of May until the middle of August, the sun shines as brightly at midnight as at twelve o'clock noon. And then the climbing begins all over again.

Though these girls and boys go to school, have birthday parties, and go to the country for the summer, you will find that there are many interesting things that happen in this far North land that never could happen in our own United States. You will read how, once every seven years, the aurora borealis comes with increased brightness, and how, one October night, their father called them to come quickly to see the wonderful red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet colored lights that looked like tinted scarfs blown in the wind. It was Helen, the adventurous one, who ran into the house for a sheet to wave at the Northern lights, to see if the terrible glory would come down to get her and Edith as they danced with the sheet flapping wildly in the wind. There are many strange superstitions that are a part of the life of this family. As you read you will understand how some of them came to be

By NORA BEUST

Chairman of the American Library Association Board for Work with Children and Young People

in this land of great darkness and great light.

Nora Burglon is another author who writes of Northern lands. *Deep Silver* (Houghton, Mifflin) takes you into a fisherman's hut in Norway. Evald, a waif, finds two strange pets, a wolf and an eagle. Perhaps you have pets that you dearly love, or you may have read of Jody's pet in Marjorie Rawlings's *The Yearling* (Scribner). But it would be hard to find a more devoted master than Evald, or truer animal friends than the wolf and the eagle. This is a thrilling story, filled with mystery and adventure; it takes you to the codfish banks at Lofotin, and finally back to the little house where the fragrance of boiling coffee reached out a welcoming warmth to the lad who had become headman on the *Golden Eagle*.

Sticks Across the Chimney (Holiday House) is also by Nora Burglon. Here the scene shifts to Denmark, to a farm that has an old Viking mound. How determined Siri and Erik were, when they made up their minds to go to the Spring Fair! Probably not many of you would think of whittling and painting small wooden figures of a farmer and his wife, the two children, and the twelve animals, but that is what Siri and Erik did. They were eager to win a prize with their figures. When they learned that the prize was not for them, they sold the toys and bought gifts to take to their mother. They were rewarded with a duck which was named "King Christian the Builder," because he was, they thought, the best king Denmark ever had. The duck proved to be a very amusing pet.

Pelle, the postmaster's son, was a thorn in their flesh, but the old law that selfishness begets evil, and generosity begets good, holds true in Denmark as it does the world over. The story has surprising and mysterious events that lead to the finding of an ancient treasure.

Jacques the Goatherd (Appleton-Century) by Maribelle Cormack and William P. Alexander introduces two boys who lived high in the Alps. Jacques wished to become a goatherd and Ewald a great painter. Neither boy thought that he ever would have the chance to realize his dreams. Many an American

girl and boy may be thinking the same of his own dreams. If you will read, you, too, will hear Father Dominique say, "It is not good to be too contented, especially when one is young. Be as impatient as you like with your day's work. Only keep it to yourself! This is not a thing to let others see. It sets a bad example. Only plan in your heart how you may overcome your obstacles. If you want to enough, you can do anything." You will be proud to know Jacques and Ewald, and the other people who lived in the Swiss village.

Do you remember Katrinka, the Russian peasant girl, who received her training as a ballet dancer in the days before the Russian Revolution? *Nayda Makes her Bow* (Dutton) by Helen Eggleston Haskell tells how life in Russia has changed. In this book Nayda, Katrinka's daughter, is old enough to begin training. It is Katrinka who is engaged by the State to teach the children the lovely Springtime Ballet. You will be interested to read how the people in the Red Village State Farm live. There are rules about hiring labor to assist with housework; there are food ration cards; there are passports for traveling from one town to another; there are rules about what kind of books may be read by children. Nayda has only read books that are instructive, so she does not know what to make of "Jack the Giant-Killer" and "Little Red Riding Hood" when those in charge of education decide that the children may now read books and hear songs that appeal to their imaginations. There is plenty of fun and adventure in the story of Nayda's success with her ballet dancing.

East Central Africa is described as a beautiful place on a dewy morning, with its forests and plains covered with millions of flowers. *Lion Boy* (Stokes) by Alden G. Stevens is the story of Simba, his sister Mche, their parents, and the people who live near the edge of the forest in a tiny mud-walled village. Life in the jungle is full of danger, but Simba and Mche play, and enjoy stories, much as other boys and girls do. Mche finds endless pleasure in gazing at her own image in a mirror given her by the white men; Simba saves a strange white boy's life through his own great courage. The white men were puzzled that he risked his life to save an unknown lad. Simba said, "In my village there is a man called Kibeti. He is a teller of stories and very wise. Once he said, 'Great danger makes all men brothers!' So when I saw the buffalo and knew that Jack was in great danger, he became my brother—and I did what I did." This is a thrilling story of life in the jungle.

There are other books about boys and girls in Italy, France, Ireland, and England that will be included in another article.

Capitals of the World (Crowell) by Marguerite Vance will give you an idea of the countries that lead the world. There are excellent photographic pictures, maps, descriptions of the capitals, and the way people live

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

end, and instead of being blank, as we thought, there's something written on the inside. It says—wait—it's in such tiny letters—"

She moved to make room for Pete who was bending to read over her shoulder.

"Well—say!" the latter ejaculated, his forehead wrinkled in a frown of surprise. "I can make it out now, but what in thunder does it mean? 'Snow Star I to Snow Star II. For luck.' " He straightened, and stared around the group of equally surprised faces. " 'Snow Star I,' " he repeated. " 'Snow Star I to Snow Star II. For Luck.' What's a snow star anyhow?"

"There's—something," Uncle John broke in unexpectedly, puffing at his after-breakfast pipe. "Something sort of familiar about the name 'Snow Stars,' I mean. Give me a minute to whip the old memory up."

He continued to puff, and his guests' faces expressed conviction that something exciting was about to come to light. For wasn't John Forrest one of the best known article writers in the country, respected at home and abroad? And didn't he know just about everyone who was anyone?

If Uncle John thought he remembered the name 'Snow Stars,' perhaps the mystery of little black Snip would be solved—and in a highly interesting manner—very shortly.

"I can't recall much," he said at last. "I'm afraid I've roused your hopes for nothing. But I do seem to remember that, about two years ago, there was a motion picture called by some such name—and that it featured a dog who could do tricks on the ice. There was a boy, too—he was spoken of after his first picture as one of the coming juvenile stars. But what kind of a dog it was I don't know, nor why we never heard any more of the boy. The papers wrote him up a lot."

"But that's a—a sort of *clue*, Uncle John," Mandy burst out. "Isn't there someone you could ask for more information? One of the critics who did movie reviews last year?"

"I might," her uncle agreed. "I could call Jim Kennard—he knows everyone connected with the studios. He might remember something. But I'm afraid we're off on a wild goose chase. This dog may have been named by some youthful admirer of that picture, you know. However—" He reached a long arm for the telephone, and gave a New York number. "Just a chance I might catch him at home, at this hour," he explained, "asleep."

NOBODY said a word until the connection was established and they could hear the faint, far-off click, as someone at the other end took up a receiver. Then a voice spoke, and a simultaneous breath of relief burst from the four young people when Uncle John answered, "Hello! That you, Jim?"

Mandy made a gay pantomime of clapping her hands, noiselessly, and everyone bent forward to listen.

"Do me a small favor, Jim," Uncle John began, going straight to the subject. "Cast your mind back to—well, about two years ago. Wasn't there a rather successful movie brought

there. *The Music Album* (Morrow) by Samuel G. Houghton is an unusual book that provides a way to collect a record of your musical experiences in the form of a stamp album. The names, nationalities, and works of well-known composers of classical music whose works are being played are included. To keep the record is like playing a game.

SNOW STARS

out then called 'Snow Stars'—or something very like it?"

They could all hear a quick string of words—unintelligible from where they were sitting—come over the telephone wires in response. They could also see Uncle John's face light up with sudden interest, as he put a terse question from time to time. The voice in New York went on talking, talking, and Uncle John kept slipping in questions and ejaculations that were rapidly driving the excited quartet behind him to despair. But finally, after at least ten minutes had passed, he hung up the receiver and turned to his audience.

"What did he say?" Mandy cried impatiently, and ran to sit on the arm of his chair and twist her fingers in a lock of his gray hair, the better to prod him into answering.

"Quite a lot, as you heard," Uncle John answered, and picked up his pipe which he proceeded to relight with maddening deliberation.

Mandy tweaked vigorously, and John Forrest laughed, and relented.

"There is a mystery, children," he announced, making his voice properly dramatic. "Only whether this Snip-dog you've rescued is part of it, or not, remains to be discovered. Anyhow, here's the yarn. There was a picture named 'Snow Stars,' just as I thought. It had an immense success. There was a boy in it who could skate and ski like nobody's business—the critics and the fan magazines were all calling him 'the wind on skis.' And the other 'Snow Star' was a little black *cocker spaniel*. The boy was named Christopher, and the dog was Christy. The dog actually skated, too—did stunts on four specially made-to-order dog-skates."

They looked with respectful eyes at Snip, surreptitiously licking his soup plate just then in search of an overlooked drop.

Mandy whistled softly, and said in a hushed voice, "Christy—Christy—come here, old fellow!"

A black ear went up with a jerk, and the little dog turned inquiring golden-brown eyes in her direction.

"He answered to it!" Ilse gasped.

"Wait a minute," Uncle John said cautiously. "Almost any dog will look up when you whistle and say 'come here' as Mandy did. My friend Jim Kennard gave me a more reliable test. I'm to call him back as soon as we've tried it. But before I do that, I'd better tell the rest of the story. It isn't much. About a month after the first showing of 'Snow Stars,' and just while the film company that had produced it was writing a new, imposing contract for Christopher and Christy, the famous Snow Stars simply disappeared."

Davy and Pete said, "*Disappeared!*" in exactly the same tone of disbelief.

"Oh, I don't mean kidnaped," Uncle John assured them. "Christopher had a father—his mother had died when he was a baby. Apparently something happened that made the father decide to take his son and his dog, and clear out—overnight. They had rented a fur-

nished bungalow in Hollywood, while the picture of 'Snow Stars' was being made. The rent was paid up-to-date, and in the night the family moved out with their belongings. There was a note—mailed that same night—to the film company president, merely saying that for reasons he preferred not to explain, the writer was withdrawing his son from the movies for an indefinite period."

"And nobody—*nobody at all*—has seen any of them since?" Pete demanded. "With all the newspapers excited over a mystery like that, I shouldn't think they could have gone a hundred miles without being spotted."

"Ah, but that's just it," John Forrest replied. "The studio didn't give the news out. It was bad publicity. The picture was having an unprecedented run at all the major theatres. But, of course, they put private inquiry agents on it. No good. Nothing's turned up, to date. That's why I exploded a bombshell in Jim Kennard's ear just now, when I asked about that particular picture. A few of the critics and feature writers have got wind of the thing, of course—otherwise Jim wouldn't have known. But in a case like this they have to play ball. It isn't as if it were a criminal matter, like kidnaping. The boy's father had announced his son's retirement from pictures—temporarily at least. The company believed that it was some sort of hold-up stunt to get a bigger salary and more publicity, and they didn't intend to fall for it."

"But suppose this is Christy?" Mandy almost whispered, her brown eyes enormous in her eager young face. "How'd he get here—up on Piney Notch, Uncle John? Do you suppose that means the boy, Christopher—?"

"I don't know," Uncle John said honestly. "But we've got to try to make sure this is Christy, first. Jim told me he had a special little trick that was only used for the friends who knew him—never in public. You say, 'Christy, 'tension! Spin!' He can do it on his skates, or just on his feet. Christopher taught him."

There was a moment's silence, in which they all stared at the small black dog who seemed, by now, to have sensed that there was something unusual in the air, as dogs will.

"Uncle John—may I?" begged Mandy.

He nodded, and Mandy sprang to her feet. She held one finger up. "Christy! 'Tension! Spin!'"

Both black ears were cocked now, as if in consideration. Bright eyes studied the girl, standing so straight and flushed of cheek across the room. Nobody else moved, or spoke, but their eyes were as bright as Snip's.

Deliberately, the little dog rose to his hind legs and lifted one fore-paw to his right cheek in smart salute. Then he began to revolve, still on his hind legs. Faster and faster the curly black top spun, the tiny feet clicking on the floor like castanets.

A storm of applause interrupted his performance, and he stopped midway in his fastest spin. Then, if ever a dog can be said to laugh, Snip laughed like a pleased child. His golden-brown eyes blinked several times, very

rapidly, and a pink tongue lolled out of one corner of his mouth, the black lips curling back, and up, over strong white teeth.

"He's Christy, all right," Ilse said. "What do you suppose it all means, Uncle John?"

"I can't answer that, Ilse," the man replied, shaking his head and once more reaching for the telephone. "But I'm going to get Jim Kennard to help us find out."

Five minutes later, after the telephone wires had ceased their staccato crackling under the impact of Uncle John's news and Jim Kennard's incredulous acceptance of it, five excited people sat down again around the breakfast table.

"What's Mr. Kennard going to do?" Mandy asked.

"Tell the story on the front page of his paper tomorrow morning. He says this sudden appearance of Snip—Christy, I mean—and the way we found and identified him, makes much too good a yarn to suppress, even for the most influential of movie magnates. Besides, we've got to return Christy to his owner, and incidentally find out how he got away. Did someone steal him—did he run away? Or is Christy dead, and Christy turned loose on the world without friends? We'll just have to wait for our copy of tomorrow's paper—which, unfortunately, won't arrive here till noon. Meantime, let's go on and do all the things we planned, as if Snip were merely an ordinary lost dog we'd rescued."

They agreed, a bit reluctantly, to this sensi-

ble advice. Christy—or Snip, as they were still calling him—seemed to have had enough snow and exercise for the time being, and indicated firmly his preference for a long snooze by the open fire.

The others, this time with Uncle John included in the party, took up their skis and went out over the ridge of Piney Notch, to the long, untrampled skiing paradise on its eastern slope.

They cooked lunch in a sheltered spot, far up the third hill over the Notch, and came home at twilight, weary, bright-eyed, and happy, singing as they slid down to the log-house porch.

Snip, roused by the sound of their voices, could be heard inside, barking himself hoarse in welcome. The dog was mad with delight to have friends about him once more, and went from one to another offering his paw politely, or pausing at Mandy's many-times uttered command to "spin" in renewed proof of his being actually Christy.

He had supper with them that evening, in his place beside Mandy's chair, and that night when the house party was at last tired enough for sleep, he curled up on the foot of her bed, under a corner of her big down quilt.

Breakfast over, nobody could quite settle down to plans for the day until the papers should come. So finally Uncle John suggested a trip to the town of Buckville, where the post office was, to claim their paper before the postman should set out on his rounds.

They left Snip seated dejectedly before the

fire, his back toward the door that he might not be tempted by the sight of the jolly party that filed out, skis over shoulders, into the bright, white, icy world outside.

It took only half an hour to reach Buckville, and they caught the postman just starting out on his delivery rounds, and captured the morning's paper before he had a chance to protest that they'd only needed a mite of patience and he'd brought it to 'em—which was what he began to explain very earnestly.

Nobody listened, because Uncle John had already spread out the first page, and there were four heads pressed against his arms, and four pairs of eager eyes reading with him.

And then—one after another breathed a sharp breath of disappointment. There was nothing at all about any lost Snow Stars, on the front page. Turning, with painful attention to the smallest news items in its columns, and in the columns of each succeeding sheet, they found that there was *nothing about Christopher or Christy on any page*. Jim Kennard had failed them. Or he had found that the clue they had given him was not a true one. Perhaps the real Christy was accounted for—had been accounted for all these months, without men like Mr. Kennard being told the secret.

Did this mean that Snip was only Snip, after all? Perhaps someone who had seen the real Christy do his "spin" trick, had taught it to another bright cocker, too. It was possible, of course—but the world had gone suddenly flat on that glorious February morning.

(To be concluded)

MONTGOMERY

A great silence seemed to fall upon the house. The servants fed him and then went about their own business, while the dog whined and worked at the rope fastened to his collar. He grew more and more frantic as the hours passed and de Lanaudière did not come to him. Perhaps he remembered how his former master had disappeared in much the same way, and had never returned.

No one knew how he managed it, but a dozen hours after de Lanaudière's departure, Montgomery was free. It was evening, and no one saw the little dark shadow slip out of the half-opened door and run swiftly about the house, finding his master's footsteps and sniffing at them until they stopped at the mounting block.

There the hoof prints of two horses led off down the path, and that was all. The puzzle was not difficult to solve, for a dog who had followed an army officer. His new master had evidently mounted a horse, as the other had done so often. The spaniel noticed also that the steps of his mistress, Elizabeth, had stopped at the same spot. The two of them had gone off on horseback. All the dog must

THE LOYALEST

do, therefore, was follow the prints of the horses' hoofs. Having decided that, in less time than it takes to tell it he was on his way.

Night made no difference to the spaniel's keen nose. He had never been to Sainte-Anne-de-la-Pérade, but that made no difference, either. He could follow the horses' hoofprints anywhere, so long as he felt certain his master had been riding one of those horses.

On and on through the night hurried the little dark shadow. In like manner, on a night only six months before, he had followed after another master, one dearly loved. He had never seen that master again. Who knows how great was the fear that thudded in every heart beat, that urged the dog's feet forward? If one master could disappear, might not the new master likewise be lost to him?

Wolves howled, but the spaniel paid no attention. A rabbit dashed across his path, and a fox. But they might as well have been a million miles away, so far as the dog was concerned. A lynx screamed and an owl hooted, but the spaniel never looked up.

Morning found him approaching a closed gate, the gate of the manor at Sainte-Anne-de-

la-Pérade. Try as he might, he could not find an opening big enough for him to squeeze through. There was nothing to do but ask for admittance. So he asked, in no uncertain terms.

Inside the house, Elizabeth sat up in bed. "What is the matter?" asked her husband sleepily.

"I hear Montgomery barking," she told him. "Nonsense!" said her husband. "The dog has never been here. It is impossible that he should learn the way we took. And besides, this house is sixty-six miles away from where we left him."

"Let me in, let me in!" barked the spaniel. "At once, at once! I am here!"

De Lanaudière jumped to his feet. "It is Montgomery," he said. "Of all dogs, he is the most loyal!" Tears were in his eyes as he hurried outside. He opened the gate and the spaniel sprang toward him, shivering with relief and happiness.

After that the spaniel had a second name—Montgomery-Loyalest. De Lanaudière, the Loyalist, felt it was most appropriate.

INTERNATIONAL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

India surprised us with a curry-and-rice dish flavored with coconut, while the other groups each prepared desserts.

Norway, Sweden, and the Netherlands joined to make Swedish pancakes. Individual cakes were made in a ten-inch skillet, and half a dozen of these ten-inch cakes were put together between layers of jelly. The pancakes were then cut and served pie fashion. Great

ADVENTURES AT "OUR CHALET"

Britain prepared an English steamed pudding, while South Africa made raisin rolls. America made gingerbread and hard sauce, the former with some difficulty. Mrs. Frederick Brooke, our national president, had given us six packages of gingerbread mix to take with us. We were delighted, for we considered the gingerbread mix was foolproof. But we had not reckoned with the fact that the American ounces of water that were to be measured to add to the mixture would have to be translated into Swiss litres and measured that way!

All's well that end's well, however, and the gingerbread was a success.

It was America's day at tea that afternoon, for "Falk," the Chalet director, had suggested that the gingerbread be served at tea, inasmuch as we had had so much dinner before we got to the gingerbread. The American Girl Scouts decorated the tea tables on the balcony with red, white, and blue crêpe paper streamers. The places at the table each had paper hats and other favors which we had secured on the ship (Continued on page 46)



WHAT'S ON THE SCREEN?

This list has been selected by permission from the movie reviews published in "The Parents' Magazine," New York City



—FOR AGES TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN—

Excellent

FORTY LITTLE MOTHERS. Extremely well-done story about the troubles of a bachelor who smuggles a baby into a girls' school. Excellent acting; outstanding direction. In French with English Titles. (Nat'l.)

KENTUCKY. Fine horses, beautiful technicolor, good story about the history of the Kentucky Derby. Outstanding production. (Fox)

OUT WEST WITH THE HARDYS. A trip to a friend's ranch with the Hardys has many good consequences, among them the broadening of Marian's and Andy's experience. (MGM)

PYGMALION. Outstanding in every respect is this film adaptation of George Bernard Shaw's play about a speech student (Leslie Howard) who takes an untutored flower girl (Wendy Hiller) and makes a lady of her. Excellent acting; good comedy; notable direction. (MGM)

SWEETHEARTS. Modern version in technicolor of the Victor Herbert operetta. Married stars (Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy) of "Sweethearts," which has been running six years on Broadway, are desperate because they cannot find any time to themselves. They decide to sign a Hollywood contract, but they reckon without the machinations of a continental playwright (Mischa Auer) and the producer (Frank Morgan). Delightful singing. (MGM)

Good

ARIZONA WILDCAT. An Arizona mining town of the '70s is the scene of a spirited tale about a stagecoach driver (Leo Carrillo) who adopts an orphan (Jane Withers). She helps him rid the country of a band of ruffians. Good Western. (Fox)

A CHRISTMAS CAROL. Old Scrooge (Reginald Owen), Tiny Tim (Terry Kilburn), and the Cratchits all live again in a delightful picturization of Dickens' beloved classic. Good music. Very good. (MGM)

COME ON, RANGERS! Refreshing Western about the days when Texas first came into the Union. (Rep.)

DAWN PATROL. Extremely good acting distinguishes this film which shows the courage of the men who flew all sorts of crates under impossible conditions during the World War. Outstanding are Errol Flynn, Basil Rathbone, David Niven. Judiciously spaced bits of humor offset the tense scenes. A powerful indictment of war. Very good. (Warner)

DRAMATIC SCHOOL. Lavish production which depicts the struggles of a poor girl (Luise Rainer) who works in a factory at night to earn the money to attend dramatic school during the day. The story is not always convincing; there is little humor to balance its pathos. (MGM)

DUKE OF WEST POINT. Interesting account of life at West Point as reflected in the experiences of a particularly self-confident plebe (Louis Hayward). Very good. (Un. Art.)

EVERYBODY'S BABY. The birth of a grandchild is the occasion for much anxiety on the part of Mr. Jones (Jed Prouty) as well as the father (Russell Gleason). Their trouble is increased by the mother's (Shirley Deane) belief in a new doctor-psychologist at the hospital. (Fox)

THE FRONTIERSMAN. Hopalong Cassidy rids the West of another cattle rustler and saves a school teacher from a nefarious plot. Good sing-

ing by the St. Brendan boys choir. Magnificent scenery. One of the best of the series. Very good Western. (Para.)

I AM A CRIMINAL. Excellent acting by the two principals brings freshness and interest to the old story of the regeneration of a hardened criminal (John Carroll) because a child (Martin Spellman) believes in him. (Mono.)

LITTLE TOUGH GUYS IN SOCIETY. Psychiatrist (Mischa Auer) doesn't take into account all the consequences when he prescribes association with six hoodlums from the slums for the indolent son (Jackie Searl) of a wealthy widow. Good comedy of the boisterous type. (Univ.)

NANCY DREW, DETECTIVE. Two teen-age children (Bonita Granville, Frankie Thomas) solve a kidnaping without the aid of the police. Entertaining mystery. (Warner)

PECK'S BAD BOY AT THE CIRCUS. Bill Peck (Tommy Kelly) no sooner gets out of one scrape than he's into another. Some remarkable trained lions add humor to a highly entertaining picture. (RKO)

RIDE A CROOKED MILE. Absorbing, well-told story about a barbaric Cossack (Akim Tamiroff) who comes to America and continues his wild ways, finding a sympathetic companion in the person of his son (Leif Erikson). Good character study; fast action; good direction. Good melodrama. (Para.)

SUNSET TRAIL. Hopalong Cassidy fools the slick-haired villain this time by posing as a ten-derfoot until the proper time for vengeance arrives. Good Western. (Para.)

THANKS FOR EVERYTHING. Winner of average man contest (Jack Haley) leads a hectic life when the head of an advertising agency (Adolph Menjou) decides to use him as a sort of human guinea pig. Good comedy. (Fox)

THANKS FOR THE MEMORY. Entertaining account of the trials of a writer (Bob Hope) in getting a novel written. Good comedy. (Para.)

TOM SAWYER, DETECTIVE. Tom Sawyer, (Billy Cook) and Huck Finn (Donald O'Connor) spend an exciting summer saving Tom's uncle from a murder charge. Based on the novel by Mark Twain. (Para.)

WEST OF SANTA FE. Clever United States marshal proves the guilt of a crooked cattle buyer. Good Western. (Col.)

—FOR AGES EIGHT TO TWELVE—

Excellent

KENTUCKY.

OUT WEST WITH THE HARDYS.

Good

ARIZONA WILDCAT.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

COME ON, RANGERS!

DUKE OF WEST POINT.

THE FRONTIERSMAN.

PECK'S BAD BOY AT THE CIRCUS.

SUNSET TRAIL.

SWEETHEARTS. Good but very long.

THANKS FOR EVERYTHING.

TOM SAWYER, DETECTIVE.

WEST OF SANTA FE.

For descriptions of the Eight-to-Twelve films, look under Twelve-to-EIGHTEEN heading



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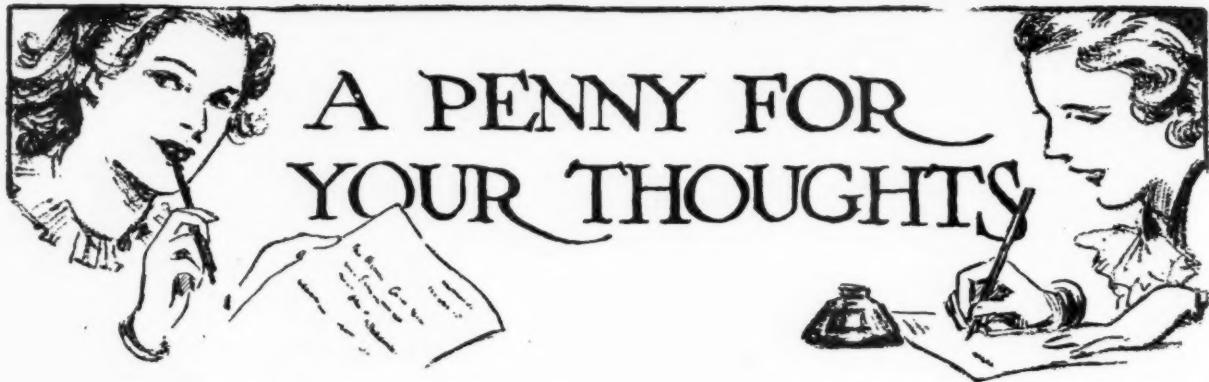
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A LUCKY CHANCE

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS: When I picked up the December issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, looked for *Happy Acres*, and saw "to be concluded" at the end of it, I felt a little sad. I hate to see a good serial like that end. In my opinion it is about the best one that ever was written.

Oh, but here is a happy twist to the magazine! Not only are all the stories well written and interesting, but the story of Christmas in Sweden practically saved my life! We are having Christmas topics in our English class, and my topic, by some miracle, happens to be Sweden's celebration. I can't find words to express my gratitude for that article to the author, Fairfax Downey, so I'll just say "Thanks a lot."

Lucille Simpson

A COMFORTER

BRADLEY, SOUTH DAKOTA: I just can't express my appreciation of this wonderful magazine. It not only is a very interesting magazine, but also a comforter.

We had examinations for six weeks just lately, and as I am an eighth grader they were quite difficult. Over the week-end I was worried about my grades, but then I spied *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. So I read it—and what wonderful stories it contained, and did it comfort me!

When I got back to school I found I had nothing to worry about, as I got six "A's" and the rest "B's." But am I glad there is such a grand magazine in the world as *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, because it was such a help during the week-end!

Mary Brown

A HELP IN GIRL SCOUTING

HILO, HAWAII: A gift from Santa Claus, on the Christmas of 1936, has brought me much more joy out of being a Girl Scout than I ever thought could possibly exist! I am going on my fifth year of Girl Scouting, and these last two years have proved the most successful of all. That gift, *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, has brought to light the finer points of the movement and has helped me considerably in my Scout work.

In the November issue, there were two Girl Scout features that were of particular interest to me, *Girl Scouts Have a Warm Spot in Their Hearts for Pets and Telling the World that Girl Scouts Are Good Citizens*. Ever since I was a baby, we have always had a pet of some sort in the house and, from it, I have gleaned a special love for all animals and birds, espe-

cially for cats. The cat I now own I have had for nearly five years, and I would feel lost without him. The other article interests me because the Girl Scouts on this Island have been doing just that kind of work, now that the Christmas season is so near around the corner.

The first dress I ever sewed was one that I made at the Singer Sewing Machine Company here, and since then I have been making almost all my own clothes. I sincerely feel that all girls who possibly can, should take advantage of this offer.

I greatly enjoy the stories about Bobo Witherspoon, Midge, Byng, Lucy Ellen, Bushy and Lofty, and Phyl and Meg, but the whole magazine is fully enjoyed.

Elva Baldwin

NOTHING EVER HAPPENS

FREDERICKTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA: I really like *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. *Happy Acres* is grand, and *A Penny for Your Thoughts* is just as good. The only complaint I have about the magazine is there is not enough of it.

It seems to me nothing ever happens in my town like it does to other girls. We do have a flood sometimes, though.

Ruth Ann Saxon

GETTING INTERESTED IN SCOUTING

FAIRFIELD, CONNECTICUT: I have decided that *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is the perfect magazine for girls. I have never read a magazine that I enjoyed so much.

Happy Acres is one of the best serials I've ever read. Midge is really my favorite character in the magazine and Lucy Ellen is a close second. The new stories by Janet Ramsay about the F. A. D.'s are swell. I hope there will be lots more of them.

Of course I like all of the departments, but *A Penny for Your Thoughts* is my favorite. I like to read about girls from all over the country, and the world, too.

When I started to read the Girl Scout features, I began to get interested in Scouting; and now that I have joined, I have lots of fun, thanks to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

Nancy Johnson

THOSE TANTALIZING SERIALS

WINNETKA, ILLINOIS: This morning when the mailman rang our doorbell, I wasn't even up—because yesterday was Thanksgiving and also because I stayed out too late. But you can believe me I came to my senses when Mom called, "Your *AMERICAN GIRL* is here!" I dashed downstairs, grabbed it off the hall

table, and ran back upstairs, where I immediately jumped into bed again and began reading.

Bushy and Lofty are my favorite characters, but Midge is a close second. I always turn to the index to see whether I can find either of them, and then turn to *Jean and Joan* for any news of them in the next issue. This time I was rewarded by finding Midge in the December issue and Bushy and Lofty in next month's.

Orson Lowell's covers are perfect and so are the *American Painters Series*, both of which I collect.

Now for the serials! You can't imagine how much agony I went through waiting for *Make-Believe Dog* every month. And it's the same with *Happy Acres*.

My hobby is my cocker spaniel pup—but maybe you wouldn't call a little dog a hobby.

Carol W. Yeomans

MEANT FOR YOU

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND: I have just received my first copy of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. When I came home from school I was so excited that I sat right down and started reading it.

The cover of this magazine is so interesting. It makes you feel right off that it was meant for you.

I joined the Girl Scouts when I was ten years old and enjoy them very much.

I hope everyone enjoys the magazine as much as I do. I would like to have all of those dress patterns, because I like to sew.

The story of Juliette Low is very interesting and I hope you will print some more articles about her.

Gloria Goodwin

THANK YOU, HELEN JACKSON!

DANVILLE, ILLINOIS: This is the first time I have written to you, but this is my twelfth year for subscribing to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. Your excellent magazine has gone with me through grade school, high school, and then away to college. My copies were always in great demand, as practically everyone in our house wanted to read them!

Now I am teaching music in high school, and am still reading *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I still enjoy every story and article just as much as I have for twelve years. This is certainly a recommendation for a magazine—to gain and to hold the interest for such a long period, filled with such varied activities. I have no praise for certain parts—I just enjoy it all!

Helen Jackson

FAVORITE ARTISTS

GLENS FALLS, NEW YORK: THE AMERICAN GIRL is the best magazine for girls I've ever read. The first time my sister and I received the magazine was for Christmas.

A year ago I decided to give a subscription to a girl friend for Christmas, too. She likes it almost as well as I do. It makes an ideal present because it comes all year long.

The first thing I turn to, when a new issue comes, is *Jean and Joan* on the back cover. I'm always disappointed when I don't find them there. The Bushy and Lofty, Midge, and Phyl and Meg stories are my favorites.

The cover on each issue is one of the magazine's most attractive features. S. Wendell Campbell and Orson Lowell are my favorite artists.

Mary Vernooy

A SUGGESTION

WICHITA, KANSAS: THE AMERICAN GIRL is a grand magazine—the kind every girl ought to have. I like it because the entertaining and educational features are so well balanced. There's one suggestion I'd like to make, though—please have each issue reflect more of the spirit of the holiday of the month. For instance, in the November issue, there was nothing about Thanksgiving, or about Hallowe'en in the October issue, nor even a poem. I know I'd enjoy the magazine more if there was something in the spirit of the festival of the month each time, and I could often use material of this kind.

Margaret Tompkins

FAVORITE CHARACTERS

CENTER, TEXAS: I have just finished scanning through my copies of THE AMERICAN GIRL and, since each issue brought back such fond memories of interesting reading, I decided to write a note of gratitude.

Thank you for publishing a magazine in which a girl can wholly forget her own drab existence and go adventuring with heroines like Midge, Sara Hemingway, and Lucy Ellen.

Also thanks for the help your magazine gives. The articles by Emma-Lindsay Squier and others are very helpful when reports are assigned in school. I like especially the vocational articles and *A Penny for Your Thoughts*.

One of the numerous reasons THE AMERICAN GIRL is my favorite magazine is because its covers are so refreshingly different.

Sara Louise Duke

HELPFUL ARTICLES

COLLINGSWOOD, NEW JERSEY: When I joined the Girl Scouts, I was asked if I did not wish to subscribe to THE AMERICAN GIRL. I asked my parents for a subscription as a birthday gift. Well, I got the subscription—and it will never end, if I can help it.

The stories, I think, are grand, as well as the rest of the magazine. My friend across the street and I count the days remaining before the arrival of the magazine, many times each month. (She gets THE AMERICAN GIRL, too.)

Phyllis and Lofty have become close friends of mine, as has Lucy Ellen.

What's *On the Screen*? has been a help more than once when my parents were in doubt about my going to certain movies.

Phyllis Burr

A FAITHFUL FRIEND

BRIGG, ENGLAND: I have been taking THE AMERICAN GIRL for four years, and I certainly have enjoyed all the stories and articles. I especially like the Bushy and Lofty stories.

I have been living in England for over a year now, and I look forward to every issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Last February's issue was of great interest to me because it showed pictures of the Girl Scouts and Girl Guides who attended the International Camp. The representative for Great Britain formerly attended the school to which I go. The pictures interested all the Guides, and the rest of the girls in the school, too.

I now belong to a Guide troop after having been a Girl Scout for four years. We have meetings once a week, and I wear my own Girl Scout uniform.

Marcia Sharpe

"THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL"

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON: I am writing to tell you how much we enjoy THE AMERICAN GIRL. By "we," I mean Yoshi, my eldest sister, in whose name the magazine is taken; Pauline, my next sister, who loves to turn first to *Happy Acres*; and I, Isako, who read *A Penny for Your Thoughts* before anything else.

We have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL for about two years and a half, and my only regret is that we have not taken it longer.

Isako Takabashi

APPRECIATION

BELMONT, MASSACHUSETTS: I must certainly write and tell you how much I appreciate THE AMERICAN GIRL. I had my appendix out a month ago and haven't been able to return to school yet, and I have a lot of spare time on my hands. So THE AMERICAN GIRL is appreciated in our household beyond words. The main reason is because it keeps me out of mischief!

I have been taking THE AMERICAN GIRL for three years now, and I read it from cover to cover each month. I must stop now to read the new December issue which I just received to-day.

Marian McKenzie

IT'S HERE!

NEW YORK, NEW YORK:

As I opened the door
For the first morning mail—
THE AMERICAN GIRL,
With my favorite tale!
I dashed to my room
With a very loud boom.
My two eyes were a-thirst
For *Happy Acres*, that's first,
Then Midge, young and gay,
I read right away,
Lucy Ellen—hooray,
She's in here to-day!
On the fourteenth of May,
On my eleventh birthday,
This magazine popped.
May it never be stopped!
I surely can't wait
For the very next date
When THE AMERICAN GIRL
Comes to us with a swirl.

Ann Holdenstein

WAITING FOR THE POSTMAN

SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA: I have been sitting around the house all morning, waiting for the postman to bring my AMERICAN GIRL. I guess it's no use, though, it didn't come.

I like the Midge stories especially, and I think the Bushy and Lofty stories and the ones about Lucy Ellen are grand. I also enjoy the serial *Happy Acres* because it's so human.

Well, here's hoping my AMERICAN GIRL comes soon!

Patricia Lee Winn

KATHRYN'S HOBBIES

FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA: THE AMERICAN GIRL is just the grandest magazine ever. I have been getting it since last Christmas, but it only took me a few minutes to find out what a swell magazine it is.

I am a Girl Scout patrol leader, although I've only been in the Scouts since THE AMERICAN GIRL has gotten me interested in them. I have passed my tenderfoot test and am almost through with my second class test.

I just love the stories about Lucy Ellen, Midge, and Bushy and Lofty. I couldn't tell you which I like best because I don't know myself. The two serials that have been published so far are swell.

I like THE AMERICAN GIRL patterns very much. I am making one dress and plan to make another soon from your patterns.

Kathryn Gustis

A GOOD DEED

ATLANTIC CITY, NEW JERSEY: This summer I heard of a girl who was in the local hospital with a broken leg. As I have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL for almost two years, I thought that she might enjoy my copies. So I sent her a year's magazines. She was so pleased with them that she has asked me to leave them in the hospital for others to read.

A few months after I started reading THE AMERICAN GIRL, I joined the Girl Scouts. Now I enjoy the magazine more than ever. I read all the articles and stories, and find them the best ever. I really have no favorite character in the stories because I think they are all tops.

The articles are helpful and interesting. The best serial I have read so far is *Make-Believe Dog*, with *Happy Acres* a close runner-up. All of the departments are swell. THE AMERICAN GIRL is truly my favorite magazine.

Connie Marshall

DRAMATICS

WARREN, RHODE ISLAND: Upon looking over some of my old numbers of THE AMERICAN GIRL, I noticed an article which had escaped my eye previously. It was *Footnotes on Footlights* by Germaine Haney. Upon reading it, I found it most interesting and helpful.

In my town, several of the older Girl Scouts were so interested in dramatics that the "Juvenile Players" were formed. Although it consists of the older Boy and Girl Scouts, it has nothing to do with the regular Scout organizations. The first play, which was put on last spring, made such a hit that it was done over again in that same month.

We are scheduled for more plays this winter, so please give us some more interesting articles like Germaine Haney's.

Sylvia Volkmann

INTERNATIONAL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

and in Paris. The centerpiece was a "Snow White" garden. Refreshments included tea, black bread and butter, Great Britain's delicious steamed pudding, gingerbread and hard sauce, popcorn, and chewing gum—which the Americans had taken with them for a joke. The Egyptians said it tasted like tooth paste; one group was seen eating bread in one hand and gum in the other, while a third asked, "What makes it stretch?"

The American game of baseball followed tea that afternoon—baseball played with a half-dead tennis ball and a piece of stove wood for a bat! On one international team Egypt played first base, India second base, Sweden third base, Belgium and South Africa field, with America pitching and catching. And all the flies went on down the mountain!

Evenings were usually given over to singing, singing-games, folk dancing, and amateur movies of Girl Scout and Girl Guide activities. "Sing-songs" were popular, when each

ADVENTURES AT "OUR CHALET"

language group sang songs in its own tongue. In the same evening we heard Swiss, German, French, Swedish, English, and sometimes Arabic. The "theme song" of the encampment was "Desert Silvery Blue," a cowboy song of the Western prairies, which the American delegates taught to the group. American Negro spirituals were popular, too, especially with the Belgians.

All announcements at the Chalet were made in three languages: English, French, and German. The kaper charts and all notices on the bulletin board were posted in the same three languages. One day the American leader saw two guiders who seemed very puzzled, looking at the bulletin board. They had just arrived at the Chalet. The leader asked them, in German, if she could help them. They did not answer, so she asked in French if she might help. The guiders shrugged their shoulders, and finally said, very courteously, "We're sorry, we don't understand you. We speak only English!" If for any reason an announcement was made in only two languages, those of us

who could interpret were fairly besieged until everyone understood what was going on.

"Nationality Night" was a most interesting campfire. Delegates appeared that night in native costume and danced some of their native dances. Diminutive India piped her own accompaniment. Sweden and Norway combined for a Swedish dance. Falk and Cigogne danced several Swiss dances for us. Egypt wore national dress, while the Netherlands taught us all the Netherlands version of "Ach Ja." The American Indian gave us an interpretation of Indian sign language, as Indian women do not dance as a rule. Other groups, not in costume, taught some of the folk dances characteristic of their own lands.

After eighteen happy days of working and playing together, the inevitable day of parting came. The Jugoslavians left at six in the morning. The Americans were the next to leave, and the entire Chalet, including Belgium, came down to see us off. We left with infinite regret, but were happy knowing that we had made friends from many lands, and that some of us might meet again.

BRITA in the KAHALARI DESERT

storm lamp it was indistinct and of a peculiar shape. She lay quite still, lest the thing be scared away. It was as large as her hand. But the next instant she saw that it had legs and two large lobster-like pincers. Seeing those pincers, and a curved tail held high above its head, she knew what it was—a scorpion, and a big one!

Now scorpions are plentiful in the desert, and dangerous at that. Their bite, while not fatal to grown-ups, may kill a child. At any rate, it is always very painful.

Brita was not afraid, because she had seen scorpions before. Her father usually caught them and put them into his "bug bottle." And then she had an idea—a brilliant idea, she thought. What about taming a scorpion! Had anybody ever heard of a tame scorpion? She did not think so. Her father, who had traveled so widely and visited so many strange countries, had never heard of tame ones—at least he had never spoken to her about them. What about taming this one? She had better ask Dad if such a thing were possible.

"Daddy," she called to the tent "next door" which she knew her father always occupied, "Daddy, can one tame a scorpion?"

"What's that?" Her father's voice suddenly sounded alarmed. "Taming a scorpion? What made you ask? You haven't by any chance—?"

Brita heard the flap of her father's tent being pushed aside and his hurried steps in the sand.

"Where is that scorpion you spoke about?"

Brita pointed silently at the canvas wall. "Ugh, what a brute!" *Smack-smack-smack.* Her father had killed the poisonous beast with his riding crop.

"Young lady," Brita's father looked very grave when he spoke to her next, "your idea of collecting pets is all right, as a rule. But when you start taming scorpions, then that is the limit. Had that scorpion bitten you, you could have died; or at any rate you would have been laid up for many days, which would have meant a lot of trouble to our expedition. It would have been necessary to stay here, right in the middle of the desert, until you were well enough to continue the trip; and what with our small water supply and the heat in the daytime! No, my girl, you must promise me one thing."

"Yes, Daddy?"

"Never to play with any poisonous insects, or animals. And *no snakes*, young lady."

"No snakes, Daddy? But—"

"Most certainly *no snakes*. You are not going to tell me that you have a snake for a pet?"

Brita said nothing, but reaching for her rucksack she stuck her hand into its inner recesses from which she pulled out a wriggling snake. It was a greyish reptile about two feet long.

Brita's father got such a fright that his knees gave way. But the next moment he recognized the reptile as a common, harmless sand snake.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

"How you frightened me! One day I am going to forbid you to collect pets. Suppose this snake had been a poisonous one?"

"Then, Dad, I would not have bothered taming him."

"But you could not have known whether this one was a poisonous one, or not."

"Oh, yes. First, its head is not triangular. And, besides, I asked our guide, Mr. de Villiers, and he said it was not a dangerous one, that it was easy to tame, that it was an excellent mouse-and-rat-catcher, and that it would make an excellent pet."

Throwing up his hands in mock despair, her father walked out of the tent. If that grand old man of the desert, Leopoldius de Villiers, had told his daughter that the snake was not poisonous, well and good, then the snake was not poisonous, and everything was all right. No one knew the Kalahari and its inhabitants, beasts or human, better than de Villiers. But that incident of the scorpion continued to worry him. Tired as he was, he did not feel like turning in. The camp about him was asleep. He sat for a long time staring at the dying glow of the embers of the camp fire.

At last he got up and silently walked across to Brita's tent. Here he paused. He could hear her deep, even breathing. He carefully played his torch on the canvas walls of the tent, just to be sure that there were no more poisonous scorpions about—and that his brave little girl was fast asleep and safe.

**ARE YOU A POET? WE WON'T KNOW IT unless you send
in your manuscripts to the AMERICAN GIRL POETRY CONTEST!**

Uncle Sam's mailmen must be wondering if spring has already come to Radio City, for their mail sacks are spilling over with gossamer thoughts and poetic outpourings for delivery to THE AMERICAN GIRL. Not that they know what all those envelopes contain, of course, but emanations of poesy may rise imperceptibly from them, and we expect at any moment the mailmen themselves will burst into rhyme. This contest has all the earmarks of being one of the most popular ever sponsored by THE AMERICAN

GIRL. If you missed the announcement, turn to page twenty-five in the January issue, or, if you are a new subscriber with this February number, write to Poetry Contest Editor, THE AMERICAN GIRL, 14 West 49th Street, New York City, for a copy of the rules. The contest does not close until midnight on March thirty-first, so you have as good a chance as anyone to win one of the thirteen cash prizes, and to have your poem published. *The Editor.*



Rather Not!

PATRON: May I have some stationery?

HOTEL CLERK (haughtily): Are you a guest of the house?

PATRON: Heck, no!

I'm paying twenty dollars a day!—Sent by HELEN ZELKOVITZ, Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania.

Historical

MILDRED: George Washington was certainly right when he advised his countrymen not to eat spaghetti.

MILICENT: Not to eat spaghetti? What do you mean? When did George Washington ever say anything about eating spaghetti?

MILDRED: Well he said to keep away from foreign entanglements.—Sent by RUTH RICHMOND, Williamstown, Massachusetts.

First

"Billy," asked the teacher, "who was the first man?"

Billy replied, "George Washington was the first man. He was first in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

"No," said the teacher, "Adam was the first man."

"Oh, well," said Billy in disgust, "if you want to bring up foreigners!"—Sent by JANE SHOEMAKER, Chevy Chase, Maryland.



Astronomical

TEACHER: Yes, John, the earth does travel around the sun, but what travels around the earth?

PUPIL: Tramps, ma'am.—Sent by BETTY BARRETT, Sebring, Ohio.

The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month



The Outcome

"Me father and a man named Mulligan have been fightin' fer twenty years, but now they've stopped."

"Why? Did they bury the hatchet?"

"No, they buried Mulligan."—Sent by MARTHA LEE REAMS, Toledo, Ohio.

Send *THE AMERICAN GIRL* your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

Junior stared at her in amazement. "Gosh, Auntie, who told you?" he gasped.—Sent by MARIAN JEANNE LINTON, Braddock, Pennsylvania.

Lost and Found

LOST—purse, by lady with white stripes down the back.

LOST—small white dog by a boy with brown ears.

LOST—green umbrella by teacher with broken ribs.—Sent by MARY BOWMAN, Lake Bluff, Illinois.

Mysterious

While Junior was visiting his aunt, he accidentally smashed a treasured portrait-bust of Abraham Lincoln. Very frightened, he ran to tell her about it. "You know—er—that statue—out in the hall?" he stammered.

"Yes. I know what you mean—Lincoln's bust," replied the lady.



Overheard in the Shop

SALESMAN: Looking for something in a shirt, madam?

CUSTOMER: Yes, indeed! About one hundred and seventy-five pounds, and he's kept me waiting here nearly an hour.—Sent by ELEANOR L. GRAY, Norwalk, Connecticut.

A Trifle Misleading

When I was on my vacation last year, I saw this sign in front of an electric supply store:

DON'T KILL YOUR WIFE WITH WORK, LET ELECTRICITY DO IT.—Sent by AGNES PELTIER, Bristol, Tennessee.

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If you wish information about starting a GIRL SCOUT TROOP—write to Girl Scouts, Inc., attention Field Division, 14 West 49th Street, New York, N. Y.

POETS interested in entering a National Poetry Contest to select the official poem of the New York World's Fair may obtain information and the rules from The Academy of American Poets, 435 East 52nd Street, New York City. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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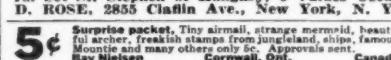
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A COOK'S TOUR of FOREIGN KITCHENS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

Shortbread Fans. Roll dough $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick and cut with floured 3-inch scalloped cutter. Mark circle in center of each cookie by pressing lightly with 1-inch cutter. Cut cookies in thirds to make fan-shaped pieces and mark each fan lengthwise by pressing back of case knife from point to each scallop of edge. Bake on ungreased baking sheet in moderate oven (350°F.) 20 minutes, or until done. Makes $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen fans.

Across the North Sea, and we're in NORWAY and SWEDEN! Here are a hardy people, with fishing their chief occupation. Swedish meals so often begin with the *Smörgasbord*, a table crowded with the most delightful appetizers—open-faced sandwiches with fillings and garnishes of fish, eggs, meat, or cheese, and well-seasoned salads. Then, somewhere during the meal, there is sure to be one or more fish dishes. This one, made from salt herring, is particularly well liked.

Herring Balls

1 salt herring	2 tablespoons butter
3 large potatoes	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
1 cup diced left-over meat	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper
2 slices cooked bacon	1 tablespoon flour
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped onions	Fine bread crumbs

Soak herring in cold water 18 to 20 hours. Remove skin and bones and wipe dry. Put fish, potatoes, meat and bacon through meat grinder. Cook onions in butter, add to fish mixture together with milk, pepper, and flour. Add salt to taste. Shape mixture into balls with two spoons. Flatten into cakes and roll in crumbs. Fry until golden brown. Serves 6.

The next minute we're in the NETHERLANDS! Round, rosy, good-natured people—rich, satisfying food. *Olieballen* are little dough balls full of apples and raisins, and fried until golden brown. Surely you will want to try these.

Olieballen

2 cups sifted flour	2 tablespoons melted shortening
2 teaspoons baking powder	
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup currants
1 egg, well beaten	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup seedless raisins
1 cup milk	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup diced citron
	1 cup diced apples

Sift together flour, baking powder, and salt. Combine egg, milk, and shortening. Add to flour mixture, mixing until batter is smooth. Stir in currants, raisins, citron, and apples. Drop from teaspoon into hot deep fat (375°F.) and fry until golden brown (4 to 5 minutes) turning to brown evenly. Sprinkle with confectioners' sugar, if desired. Makes about 2 dozen.

Here we are in GERMANY! And in this kitchen, do you see the table spread with its snowy cloth and on it a sheet of dough stretched to cover the whole top? That dough is the beginning of an *Apfel Strudel*—and the covering for a spicy filling of apples and raisins and cinnamon. When you make it, be sure to stretch the dough carefully, for it must be paper-thin if you would equal the German *strudel*.

Apfel Strudel

3 cups sifted flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup seedless raisins
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
3 tablespoons shortening	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon
eggs, well beaten	2 tablespoons bread crumbs
Lukewarm water	2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 tablespoons melted butter	1 egg yolk, beaten
6 cups sliced apples	

Mix together flour, salt, and shortening. Add eggs and enough water to make a soft dough. Knead dough 15 to 20 minutes, or until it is elastic to the touch. Cover and set in a warm place for 30 minutes.

Cover a large table with a clean cloth. Sprinkle cloth with flour and turn dough into center. Roll dough into a thin sheet; then lift, pull, and stretch it until it is as thin as paper. Brush with butter and cover with filling of apples, raisins, sugar, cinnamon, crumbs, and lemon juice. Roll up like a jelly roll. Place on well-greased baking sheet. Brush with egg yolk and bake in a hot oven (400°F.) about 20 minutes. Sprinkle with sugar and serve hot. Serves 6 to 8.

FRANCE is a land of gayety and charm. Here is where we find the marvelous sauces, the delicate seasonings, the superlative desserts that have made French cookery deservedly famous.

Chocolate Soufflé

2 squares unsweetened chocolate	1 teaspoon vanilla
2 cups milk	4 egg yolks, beaten until thick and lemon-colored
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar	4 egg whites, stiffly beaten
$\frac{1}{3}$ cup flour	
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt	
2 tablespoons butter	

Add chocolate to milk and heat in double boiler. When chocolate is melted, beat with rotary egg beater until blended. Combine sugar, flour, and salt; add small amount of chocolate mixture at a time, stirring until smooth; return to double boiler and cook until thickened, stirring constantly; then continue cooking 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add butter and vanilla; cool slightly while beating eggs. Add egg yolks and mix well. Fold into egg whites. Turn into greased baking dish. Place in pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 1 hour, or until soufflé is firm. Serve immediately with Marshmallow Mint Sauce, or with cream. Serves 8.

Marshmallow Mint Sauce

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar	1 egg white, stiffly beaten
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup water	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon peppermint extract
8 marshmallows, cut in small pieces	Green coloring

Bring sugar and water to a boil and boil to a thin syrup (230°F.) (Syrup will not be thick enough to spin a thread). Remove from fire; add marshmallows and let stand 2 minutes, or until marshmallows are melted, pressing them under syrup. Pour syrup slowly over egg white, beating constantly until mixture is cool. Add peppermint extract and enough coloring to make sauce a delicate green. Makes 1 cup sauce.

As the sun grows hotter, so does the food. Hot seasoning—garlic, onion, chili peppers in SPAIN; garlic, tomatoes, and olive oil in ITALY, delicious if skillfully blended with rice or spaghetti. One of my favorites is a thick soup, served with grated cheese, which the Italians call *Minestrone*.

Minestrone

1 tablespoon chopped onion	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
$\frac{1}{2}$ clove garlic, chopped	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon chopped parsley	2 cups canned tomatoes
leaves	1 cup chopped spinach
2 tablespoons chopped celery	1 cup cooked spaghetti
	1 cup canned kidney beans
	Grated Parmesan cheese

Brown onions, garlic, parsley, and celery in oil. Add salt, pepper, tomatoes, and spinach; cover and simmer 10 minutes. Add spaghetti and beans, and heat thoroughly. Serve in soup bowls with a sprinkle of cheese over each serving. Serves 6.

Spanish Rice

1 cup rice	1 cup chopped green peppers
2 tablespoons shortening	3 cups boiling water
1 cup tomatoes	1 teaspoon salt
1 cup sliced onions	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon chili powder

Wash rice well. Melt shortening in a heavy frying pan or kettle. Add rice and cook until lightly browned. Add remaining ingredients. Cover and simmer 20 to 30 minutes, or until rice is tender. Serves 6.

If I were asked to pick out my favorite recipe from all of CZECHOSLOVAKIA, I wouldn't hesitate an instant. It would be *Kolache*—probably because a Bohemian maid used to bake them for us when I was a little girl, and nothing ever tasted quite so good. The recipe I'm giving you calls for a marmalade or fruit filling, but if you would be a real Czech, try one of cottage cheese mixed with sour cream and a generous sprinkle of poppy seed.

Kolache

1 yeast cake	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup lukewarm milk	1 egg white, slightly beaten
$\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted flour	Marmalade, jam, apricot or prune pulp
$\frac{1}{3}$ cup sugar	Melted butter
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt	Confectioners' sugar
2 egg yolks	
1 egg white	
1 cup lukewarm milk	
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted shortening	

Dissolve yeast in the $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk. Sift together flour, sugar, and salt. Beat egg yolks and white together well; add milk, shortening, rind, and dissolved yeast. Stir into flour mixture and beat until smooth. Cover and let rise until double in bulk.

Knead dough on floured board, adding additional flour, if necessary, to make the dough stiff enough to handle. Roll out to $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch thickness and cut in individual cakes. Place about 4 inches apart on buttered baking sheets and brush with beaten egg white. Make a large, deep depression in the center of each and fill with marmalade. Let rise until light. Bake in a moderate oven (375°F.) about 20 minutes, or until *Kolache* are done. Brush with melted butter and sprinkle with confectioners' sugar.

A stop in ARMENIA on our way East will give us time to try an easy-to-make pudding. Oriental cookery never has one outstanding flavor, but is an attempt to blend flavors to make a perfect combination. And how Orientals do love sweets!

Date Pudding

3 slices toast	1 egg, well beaten
$\frac{1}{2}$ pound seedless dates	2 tablespoons butter

Chop or grind toast and dates, mixing together well. Add egg and mix thoroughly. Flatten mixture into a cake about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick. Fry in butter, turning to brown both sides. Serve hot. Serves 3 to 4.

You'll be disappointed if you expect to feast on Chop Suey in CHINA or Japan, for this originated in our own country. Orientals believe in many courses—sometimes as many as forty or fifty at a single meal. But there's seldom more than one dish to a course, and a wise diner only tastes before it is borne away and replaced by the next one.

You may expect rice in these countries, and fish, eggs, chicken, as well as the more unusual (for us) water chestnuts, bean sprouts, bean curd, and soy sauce. There are many places in the United States which carry these ingredients, so we can try our hand at Oriental cookery when we get back home.

Eggs Foo Yung

1 cup finely ground pork	6 eggs
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup salad oil	$\frac{1}{8}$ pound bean sprouts
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced celery	2 water chestnuts, chopped
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced onion	
1 teaspoon salt	

Fry pork in oil until browned; then remove from fat. Add vegetables to fat and cook until they are tender and browned. Add browned pork and salt and continue cooking 3 to 4 minutes. Beat eggs slightly; add pork and vegetable mixture, bean sprouts, and chestnuts. Mix thoroughly. Fry as individual omelets in a hot oiled frying pan, using about 2 tablespoons of the mixture at a time. Serve with bottled soy sauce, if desired.

In RUSSIA, a beet soup—*Borsch*—is sure to be simmering on many stoves. It will be served later with its topping of sour cream and thick slices of dark whole-grain bread. The soup may be made from beef stock, as in the recipe below—but if you want it extra-good, add some pieces of uncooked chicken when you're cooking the meat.

Borsch

1 pound lean beef (with additional soup bone)	$\frac{1}{2}$ bay leaf
1 cup chopped carrots	1 teaspoon chopped parsley
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced onions	Salt and pepper

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced celery	$\frac{1}{2}$ cups chopped uncooked beets
$\frac{3}{4}$ quarts water	Sour heavy cream
Few peppercorns	

Put beef, bone, carrots, onions, celery and water in large kettle. Bring to the boiling point, add herbs, cover and simmer 2 hours. Strain and season to taste. Add beets and cook fifteen minutes longer. Strain again and reheat. Serve hot with a spoonful of sour cream for each serving. Serves 8.

Back now to the AMERICAS, with just time for a stop along the Caribbean to try an unusual banana dish. Even in the tropics we don't pick bananas right from the trees, for all bananas are cut when still green and allowed to ripen only after they are cut. Shredded coconut may be used instead of the almonds, if you wish.

Bananas Santo Domingo

6 firm ripe bananas	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped blanched almonds
Lemon juice	Orange Sauce
Sugar	

Peel bananas and place in buttered baking pan. Brush with lemon juice and sprinkle lightly with sugar. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) about 15 minutes, or until bananas are almost tender. Sprinkle almonds over bananas and place under broiler heat until bananas and nuts are delicately browned. Serve hot with Orange Sauce. Serves 6.

Orange Sauce

2 tablespoons cornstarch	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice
$\frac{2}{3}$ cup sugar	2 tablespoons lemon juice
Dash of salt	Grated rinds of $\frac{1}{4}$ orange and $\frac{1}{4}$ lemon
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup boiling water	
1 egg yolk, slightly beaten	

Mix cornstarch, sugar, and salt. Add boiling water and cook until clear, stirring constantly. Place over hot water and continue cooking 5 minutes longer. Pour over egg yolk and beat well. When partially cooled, add fruit juices and rinds. Cool. Makes $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sauce.

Only one more stop before we reach our journey's end, and that is in an AMERICAN home, in an average American city. A party of boys and girls. Games, dancing—and cake, of course. A fudge cake, probably the most American cake of all. Fine grain, luscious

flavor, thick frosting—a cake to be proud of.

Chocolate Fudge Cake

2 cups sifted cake flour	1 cup sugar
2 teaspoons double-acting baking powder	1 egg, well beaten
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt	2 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or other shortening	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk
	1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg and beat well; then chocolate and blend. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Bake in greased pan, 8x8x2 inches, in moderate oven (325°F.) 1 hour, or until done. Spread Fudge Frosting on top and sides of cake.

This cake may be baked in two greased 8-inch layer pans in moderate oven (350°F.) 25 minutes.

Fudge Frosting

3 squares unsweetened chocolate	3 tablespoons light corn syrup
$\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk	3 tablespoons butter
3 cups sugar	1/2 teaspoons vanilla
Dash of salt	

Add chocolate to milk and place over low flame. Cook until mixture is smooth and blended, stirring constantly. Add sugar, salt, and corn syrup; stir until sugar is dissolved and mixture boils. Continue boiling, without stirring, until a small amount of mixture forms a very soft ball in cold water (232°F.). Remove from fire. Add butter and vanilla. Cool to lukewarm (110°F.). Beat until of right consistency to spread. If necessary, place over hot water to keep soft while spreading. Makes enough frosting to cover tops and sides of two 9-inch layers, or top and sides of 8x8x2 inch cake (very generously), or about 3 dozen cup cakes.

Home again and we step through the magic mirror right into our own kitchen! But somehow we're just a little closer to those faraway kitchens. And why shouldn't we be? When settlers from other lands came to America, they tucked their cook books in their pockets—and American food to-day is a result of that rich heritage. The American kitchen is truly an International Kitchen.

AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES—MARY CASSATT

MARY CASSATT, whose pastel, "Yvonne," is reproduced as frontispiece this month, was born in 1845 of an old American family at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. She studied at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and then went to Paris for further training in art. Although she spent some time at the atelier of Chaplin, she gained most from long hours in museums, studying the works of the old masters in various cities of Europe. She spent the greater part of her life, from 1874 until her death in 1927, in or near Paris. Degas, the French painter, noticed one of her paintings in the Paris Salon, and, much impressed by it, invited her to show with the Impressionists. Mary Cassatt, whose own feeling for painting was so strongly akin to this school, came to know Manet and Degas, and her work developed under their influence.

Perhaps many of you know something of the theory of painting of the Impressionists—a theory brought forth by Manet and enthusiastically accepted and carried forward in the latter half of the nineteenth century by Manet, Degas, Cézanne, and others of this famous group. The principal interest of these painters was light and its effect on color.

They did not use dark colors, but captured effects of light and shade by strong contrasts of complementary colors. They used pure colors at their brightest intensity and did not mix and blend them on their palettes as painters of older schools had done, but laid little patches of color side by side on canvas to give the effect of brilliant sunshine, or glaring artificial light.

Like the Impressionists, Mary Cassatt was interested in problems of light, and, although her method was different, she painted in intense and luminous colors as they did. She was skilled technically in several mediums—oil, water color, pastel, and etching. Her admiration for Degas, who was a superior draughtsman, and her study of Japanese prints developed her feeling for linear design. Her favorite subjects were young girls, or mother-and-child themes. Her work has charm, force, and honest, healthy sentiment. Although she was so completely at home in this French school of painting she herself always maintained that she was thoroughly American.

M. C.

For the facts given here we are indebted to Art in America in Modern Times edited by Holger Cahill and Alfred H. Barr, Jr., and published by Reynal and Hitchcock of New York City, New York.



"The North Wind Doth Blow "And We Shall Have Snow—"

HOW I hate wind!" hissed Jean, as a freakish gust seized her hat and sent it sailing down the street. She dashed after it, while Joan, hanging on to her own hat, wheeled around with her back to the blast.

"I'm glad we're on our way home," Jean panted, returning with the hat. "If we had to stay out much longer, I'd lose my disposition. Let's stop at my house, Jo, and see if the March AMERICAN GIRL has come."

The girls ran up the steps and opened the front door. Sure enough, there on the hall table was the magazine. Jean ripped it open. "Whoopie!" she exclaimed, holding up the magazine so her friend might see the cover. From it a girl in Scout uniform looked out, her eyes sparkling, her face sun-browned and rosy. "Isn't she lovely, Jo? Her hair—why, it's the color of ripe wheat."

•Joan leaned closer. "Beautiful," she said. "It's Lawrence Wilbur's design. I wouldn't wonder, Jinny, if this is to be the Girl Scout poster for 1939. Mr. Wilbur paints our posters, you know."

"I reckon it is," agreed Jean. She slid out of her coat. "Come on up to my room and we'll dig in. I'm crazy to read the second part of Marguerite Aspinwall's *Snow Stars*, aren't you?"

"Rather!" Joan followed her chum upstairs. They laid aside their wraps, tidied their hair, and settled down to read.

•"Hooray!" cried Jean, opening THE AMERICAN GIRL. "Here's a new Bobo Witherspoon story! That must be because the Girl Scout Birthday comes in March." She flipped the pages. "And another Girl Scout story, *Carol's Winter Robin*, and an article on making a Girl Scout sampler!"

Joan reached for the magazine. "And here's a story by Chesley Kahmann, *Pandora's Box*. Looks like a school story, and I hope it is. And, see here, Jean! Here's an article by Jay N. Darling who's President of the National Wildlife Federation and is the *New York Herald Tribune* cartoonist, 'Ding,' besides. The article seems to be about—yes, it is!—about birds and animals and plants that have vanished off the earth, here in America, because

we've been so wasteful and careless about protecting wild life."

"That ought to be mighty interesting reading," said Jean. "I just hate to think of never being able to see a passenger pigeon. That species is gone entirely, they say."

"Here's another article that ought to be tops," went on Joan. "It's by Robert P. Tristram Coffin, and it's about writing poetry. Pretty slick, I think, to have advice on that subject by a Pulitzer Prize winner—especially now that we're having the Poetry Contest."

"And here's a vocational article by Dorothy Kenyon, that tells a girl who wants to study law just how to go about it." Jean rose and unhooked her knitting bag from the back of a chair. "There's a poem by Margaret Widdemer in the magazine, too, *Matilda's Woolwork*. Suppose you read that aloud to me, while I knit a few rows on my own woolwork."

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